

T H E
MOURNING BRIDE.

A
TRAGEDY,

As it is now ACTED at the
THEATRE ROYAL.

Written by Mr. CONGREVE.

—*Neque enim lex æquior ulla,
Quàm necis artifices arte perire sua.*

Ovid. de Arte Am.



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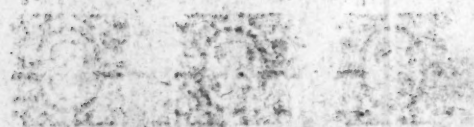
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TRAGEDY

As it was ACTED at the

THEATRE ROYAL

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To Her ROYAL HIGHNESS the

PRINCESS.

MADAM,

THAT high Station, which by Your Birth You hold above the People, exacts from every one, as a Duty, whatever Honours they are capable of paying to Your Royal Highness: But that more exalted Place, to which Your Virtues have rais'd You, above the rest of Princes, makes the Tribute of our Admiration and Praise, rather a Choice more immediately preventing that Duty.

The publick Gratitude is ever founded on a publick Benefit; and what is universally bless'd, is always an universal Blessing. Thus from Your self we derive the Offerings which we bring; and that Incense which arises to Your Name, only returns to its Original, and but naturally requites the Parent of its Being.

From hence it is that this Poem, constituted on a Moral, whose End is to recommend and to encourage Virtue, of Consequence has Recourse to Your Royal Highness's Patronage; aspiring to cast it self beneath Your Feet, and declining Approbation, 'till You shall condescend to own it, and vouchsafe to shine upon it as a Creature of Your Influence.

'Tis from the Example of Princes that Virtue becomes a Fashion in the People, for even they who are averse to Instruction, will yet be fond of Imitation.

But there are Multitudes, who never can have Means nor Opportunities of so near an Access, as to partake of the Benefit of such Examples. And to these, Tragedy, which distinguishes it self from the Vulgar Poetry by the Dignity of its Characters, may be of Use and Information. For they who are at that Distance from original Greatness, as to be depriv'd of the Happiness of contemplating the Perfections and real Excellencies of Your Royal Highness's Person in Court, may yet be-

The EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

hold some small Sketches and Images of the Virtues of Your Mind, abstracted and represented on the Theatre.

Thus Poets are instructed, and instruct; not alone by Precepts which persuade, but also by Examples which illustrate. Thus is Delight interwoven with Instruction; when not only Virtue is prescrib'd, but also represented.

But if we are delighted with the Liveliness of a feign'd Representation of Great and Good Persons and their Actions, how must we be charm'd with beholding the Persons themselves? If one or two excelling Qualities, barely touch'd in the single Action and small Compass of a Play, can warm an Audience, with a Concern and Regard even for the seeming Success and Prosperity of the Actor; with what Zeal must the Hearts of all be fill'd, for the continued and encreasing Happiness of those, who are the true and living Instances of elevated and persisting Virtue? Even the Vicious themselves must have a secret Veneration for those peculiar Graces and Endowments, which are daily so eminently conspicuous in Your Royal Highness, and tho' repining, feel a Pleasure, which in spite of Envy they per-force approve.

If in this Piece, humbly offer'd to Your Royal Highness, there shall appear the Resemblance of any of those many Excellencies which You so promiscuously possess, to be drawn so as to merit Your least Approbation, it has the End and Accomplishment of its Design. * And however imperfect it may be in the Whole, through the Inexperience or Incapacity of the Author, yet, if there is so much as to convince Your Royal Highness, that a Play may be with Industry so dispos'd (in spite of the licentious Practice of the Modern Theatre) as to become sometimes an innocent, and not unprofitable Entertainment; it will abundantly gratify the Ambition, and recompense the Endeavours of,

Your Royal Highness's

Most Obedient, and

Most Humble Devoted Servant,

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

THE Time has been when Plays were not so plenty,
And a less Number new would well content ye.
New Plays did then like Almanacks appear;
And one was thought sufficient for a Year:
Tho' they are more like Almanacks of late;
For in one Year, I think, they're out of Date.
Nor were they without Reason join'd together;
For just as one prognosticates the Weather,
How pleantiful the Crop, or scarce the Grain,
What Peals of Thunder, and what Show'rs of Rain;
So 'other can foretel, by certain Rules,
What Crops of Coxcombs, or what Floods of Fools.
In such like Prophecies were Poets skill'd,
Which now they find in their own Tribe fulfill'd:
The Dearth of Wit they did so long presage,
Is fall'n on us, and almost starves the Stage.
Were you not griev'd, as often as you saw
Poor Actors thrash such empty Sheaves of Straw?
Toiling and lab'ring at their Lungs Expence,
To start a Jest, or force a little Sense.
Hard Fate for us! still harder in th' Event;
Our Authors sin, but we alone repent.
Still they proceed, and at our Charge, write worse;
'Twere some Amends if they could reimburse:
But there's the Devil, tho' their Cause is lost,
There's no recov'ring Damages or Cost.

Good Wits forgive this Liberty we take,
Since Customs give the Losers Leave to speak.
But if, provok'd, your dreadful Wrath remains,
Take your Revenge upon the coming Scenes:
For that damn'd Poet's spar'd who damns a Brother,
As one Thief 'scapes that executes another.
Thus far alone does to the Wits relate;
But for the rest we hope a better Fate.
To please and move has been our Poet's Theme,
Art may direct, but Nature is his Aim;
And Nature miss'd, in vain he boasts his Art,
For only Nature can affect the Heart.
Then freely judge the Scenes that shall ensue,
But as with Freedom, judge with Candour too.
He would not lose, thro' Prejudice, his Cause;
Nor would obtain precariously Applause.
Impartial Censure he requests from all,
Prepar'd, by just Decrees, to stand or fall.

DRAMA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

M ANUEL, the King of <i>Granada</i> .	Mr. <i>Verbruggen</i> .
<i>Gonsalez</i> , his Favourite.	Mr. <i>Sanford</i> .
<i>Garcia</i> , Son to <i>Gonsalez</i> .	Mr. <i>Scudamour</i> .
<i>Perez</i> , Captain of the Guards.	Mr. <i>Freeman</i> .
<i>Alonzo</i> , an Officer, Creature to <i>Gonsalez</i> .	Mr. <i>Arnold</i> .
<i>Osmyn</i> , a Noble Prisoner.	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
<i>Heli</i> , a Prisoner, his Friend.	Mr. <i>Bowman</i> .
<i>Selim</i> , an Eunuch.	Mr. <i>Baily</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Almeria</i> , the Princess of <i>Granada</i> .	Mrs. <i>Bracegirdle</i> .
<i>Zara</i> , a Captive Queen.	Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
<i>Leonora</i> , chief Attendant on the Princess.	Mrs. <i>Bowman</i> .

Women, Eunuchs, and Mutes attending Zara, Guards, &c.

The Scene GRANADA.

T H E

T H E

MOURNING BRIDE.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A Room of State.

The Curtain rising slowly to soft Musick, discovers Almeria in Mourning, Leonora waiting in Mourning.

After the Musick, Almeria rises from her Chair, and comes forward.

Almeria.

MUSICK has Charms to sooth a savage Beast,
To soften Rocks, or bend a knotted Oak.
I've read, that things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living Souls, have been inform'd,
By Musick Numbers and persuasive Sound.
What then am I? Am I more senseless grown

Than Trees; or Flint? O Force of constant Woe!

'Tis not in Harmony to calm my Grievs.

Anselmo sleeps, and is at Peace; last Night

The silent Tomb receiv'd the good old King;

He and his Sorrows now are safely lodg'd

Within its cold, but hospitable Bosom.

Why am not I at Peace?

Leo. Dear Madam, cease,

Or moderate your Grievs; there is no Cause——

Alme. No Cause! Peace, Peace; there is eternal Cause,

And Misery eternal will succeed.

Thou canst not tell——thou hast indeed no Cause.

Leo. Believe me, Madam, I lament *Anselmo*,

And always did compassionate his Fortune;

Have often wept, to see how cruelly

Your Father kept in Chains his Fellow-King:

And oft at Night, when all have been retir'd,

Have stol'n from Bed, and to his Prison crept;

Where, while his Goaler slept, I thro' the Grate

Have

Have softly whisper'd, and enquir'd his Health;
Sent in my Sighs and Pray'rs for his Deliv'rance;
For Sighs and Pray'rs were all that I could offer.

Alme. Indeed thou hast a soft and gentle Nature,
That thou cou'dst melt to see a Stranger's Wrongs.

O *Leonora*, hadst thou known *Anselmo*,
How would thy Heart have bled to see his Suff'rings.
Thou hadst no Cause, but general Compassion.

Leo. Love of my Royal Mistress gave me Cause,
My Love of you begot my Grief for him;
For I had heard, that when the Chance of War
Had bless'd *Anselmo's* Arms with Victory,
And the rich Spoil of all the Fields, and you,
The Glory of the whole, was made the Prey
Of his Success; and then, in spite of Hate,
Revenge, and that Hereditary Feud
Between *Valentia's* and *Granada's* Kings,
He did endear himself to your Affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent Ways
His most industrious Goodness cou'd invent;
Proposing by a Match between *Alphonso*
His Son, the brave *Valentia* Prince, and you,
To end the long Dissention, and unite
The jaring Crowns.

Alme. *Alphonso!* *Alphonso!*
Thou art too quiet——long hast been at Peace——
Both, both——Father and Son are now no more.
Then why am I? O when shall I have Rest?
Why do I live to say you are no more?
Why are all these Things thus——Is it of Force?
Is there Necessity, I must be miserable?
Is it of Moment to the Peace of Heav'n
That I should be afflicted thus?——If not,
Why is it thus contriv'd? Why are things laid
By some unseen Hand, so, as of sure Consequence,
They must to me bring Curses, Grief of Heart,
The last Distress of Life, and sure Despair?

Leo. Alas, you search too far, and think too deeply.

Alme. Why was I carry'd to *Anselmo's* Court?
Or there, why was I us'd so tenderly?
Why not ill treated, like an Enemy?
For so my Father would have us'd his Child.

O *Alphonso!* *Alphonso!*

Devouring Seas have wash'd thee from my Sight,
No Time shall raze thee from my Memory:
No, I will live to be thy Monument:
The cruel Ocean is no more thy Tomb:

But

But in my Heart thou art interr'd; there, there,
Thy dear Resemblance is for ever fix'd;
My Love, my Lord, my Husband still, tho' lost.

Leo. Husband! O Heav'ns! *Alm.* Alas! What have I said?
My Grief has hurried me beyond all Thought.
I would have kept that Secret; though I know
Thy Love and Faith to me deserve all Confidence.
But 'tis the Wretch's Comfort still to have
Some small Reserve of near and inward Woe,
Some unsuspected Hoard of darling Grief,
Which they unseen may wail, and weep and mourn,
And, Glutton like, alone devour.

Leo. Indeed——I knew not this.

Alme. O no, thou know'st not half,
Know'st nothing of my Sorrows——If thou didst——
If I should tell thee wou'dst thou pity me?
Tell me: I know thou wou'dst, thou art compassionate.

Leo. Witness these Tears——

Alme. I thank thee——*Leonora,*
Indeed I do, for pitying thy sad Mistress:
For, 'tis, alas, the poor Prerogative
Of Greatness, to be wretched and unpitied——
But I did promise I would tell thee——What?
My Miseries? Thou dost already know 'em:
And when I told thee thou didst nothing know,
It is because thou didst not know *Alphonso*;
For to have known my Loss, thou must have known
His Worth, his Truth, and Tenderness of Love.

Leo. The Memory of that brave Prince stands fair
In all Report——

And I have heard imperfectly his Loss;
But fearful to renew your Troubles past,
I never did presume to ask the Story.

Alme. If for my swelling Heart I can, I'll tell thee,
I was a welcome Captive in *Valentia*,
E'en on the Day when *Manuel*, my Father,
Led on his conqu'ring Troops, high as the Gates
Of King *Anselmo's* Palace; which in Rage,
And Heat of War, and dire Revenge, he fir'd.
The good King flying to avoid the Flames,
Started amidst his Foes, and made Captivity
His fatal Refuge——Would that I had fall'n
Amid those Flames——but 'twas not so decreed.

Alphonso, who foresaw my Father's Cruelty,
Had borne the Queen and me on board a Ship
Ready to sail; and when this News was brought
We put to Sea; but being betray'd by some

B

Who

Who knew our Flight, we closely were pursu'd;
 And almost taken; when a sudden Storm
 Drove us, and those that follow'd, on the Coast
 Of *Africk*: There our Vessel struck the Shore,
 And bulging 'gainst a Rock was dash'd in Pieces.
 But Heav'n spar'd me for yet much more Affliction!
 Conducting them who follow'd us, to shun
 The Shoal, and save me floating on the Waves,
 While the good Queen and my *Alphonso* perish'd.

Leo. Alas! were you then wedded to *Alphonso*?

Alme. That Day, that fatal Day, our Hands were join'd!
 For when my Lord beheld the Ship pursuing,
 And saw her Rate so far exceeding ours;
 He came to me, and begg'd me by my Love,
 I would consent the Priest should make us one;
 That whether Death or Victory ensued,
 I might be his, beyond the Power of Fate:
 The Queen too did assist his Suit—I granted;
 And in one Day, was wedded, and a Widow.

Leo. Indeed 'twas mournful——

Alme. 'Twas——as I have told thee——
 For which I mourn and will for ever mourn;
 Nor will I change these black and dismal Robes,
 Or ever dry those swollen and watry Eyes;
 Or ever taste Content, or Peace of Heart,
 While I have Life, and Thought of my *Alphonso*.

Leo. Look down, good Heav'n, with Pity on her Sorrows,
 And grant, that Time may bring her some Relief.

Alme. O no! Time gives Encrease to my Afflictions.
 The circling Hours that gather all the Woes,
 Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving Year,
 Come heavy-laden with th' oppressing Weight,
 To me; with me, successively, they leave
 The Sighs, the Tears, the Groans, the restless Cares,
 And all the Damps of Grief, that did retard their Flight;
 They shake their downy Wings, and scatter all
 The dire collected Dews on my poor Head;
 Then fly with Joy and Swiftness from me.

Leo. Hark!

[Shouts at a distance.]

The distant Shouts proclaim your Father's Triumph;
 O cease, for Heaven's sake, assuage a little
 This Torrent of your Grief; for much I fear,
 'Twill urge his Wrath, to see you drown'd in Tears,
 When Joy appears in ev'ry other Face.

Alme. And Joy he brings to ev'ry other Heart,
 But double, double Weight of Woe to mine;
 For with him *Garcia* comes——*Garcia*, to whom]

I must

I must be sacrific'd, and all the Vows
 I gave my dear *Alphonso* basely broken.
 No, it shall never be; for I will die
 First, die ten thousand Deaths—Look down, look down, [*Kneels.*
Alphonso, hear the sacred Vow I make;
 One Moment cease to gaze on perfect Bliss,
 And bend thy glorious Eyes to Earth and me;
 And thou *Anselmo*, if yet thou art arriv'd
 Thro' all Impediments of purging Fire,
 To that bright Heav'n, where my *Alphonso* reigns,
 Behold thou also, and attend my Vow.
 If ever I do yield, or give Consent,
 By any Action, Word or Thought, to wed
 Another Lord; may then just Heav'n show'r down
 Unheard-of Curses on me, greater far
 (If such there be in angry Heaven's Vengeance)
 Than any I have yet endur'd——And now [*Rising.*
 My Heart has some Relief; having so well
 Discharg'd this Debt, incumbent on my Love.
 Yet one thing more I would engage from thee.

Leo. My Heart, my Life and Will, are only yours.

Alme. I thank thee. 'Tis but this; anon, when all
 Are wrapp'd and busied in the general Joy,
 Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me
 Steal forth, to visit good *Anselmo's* Tomb.

Leo. Alas! I fear some fatal Resolution.

Alme. No, on my Life, my Faith, I mean no Ill,
 Nor Violence——I feel my self more light,
 And more at large, since I have made this Vow.
 Perhaps I would repeat it there more solemnly.
 'Tis that, or some such melancholly Thought,
 Upon my Word, no more. *Leo.* I will attend you.

SCENE II.

Almeria, Leonora, Alonzo.

Alon. The Lord *Gonsalez* comes to tell your Highness
 The King is just arriv'd. *Alm.* Conduct him in. [*Ex. Alon.*
 That's his Pretence; his Errand is, I know,
 To fill my Ears with *Garcia's* valiant Deeds;
 And gild and magnifie his Son's Exploits.
 But I am arm'd with Ice around my Heart,
 Not to be warm'd with Words, or idle Eloquence.

SCENE III.

Gonsalez, Almeria, Leonora.

Gon. Be ev'ry Day of your long Life like this.
 The Sun, bright Conquest, and your brighter Eyes,

Have all conspir'd to blaze promiscuous Light,
 And bless this Day with most unequal'd Lustre.
 Your Royal Father, my Victorious Lord,
 Loaden with Spoils and ever-living Laurel,
 Is entering now in martial Pomp the Palace.
 Five hundred Mules precede his solemn March,
 Which groan beneath the Weight of *Moorish* Wealth.
 Chariots of War, adorn'd with glittering Gems,
 Succeed; and next, an hundred neighing Steeds,
 White as the fleecy Rain on *Alpine* Hills;
 That bound and foam, and champ the Golden Bit,
 As they disdain'd the Victory they grace.
 Prisoners of War in shining Fetters follow;
 And Captains of the noblest Blood of *Africk*
 Sweat by his Chariot Wheel, and lick and grind,
 With gnashing Teeth, the Dust his Triumphs raise.
 The swarming Populace spread every Wall,
 And cling, as if with Claws they did enforce
 Their Hold, thro' clefted Stones, stretching and staring,
 As if they were all Eyes, and every Limb
 Would feed its Faculty of Admiration.
 While you alone retire, and shun this Sight;
 This Sight, which is indeed not seen (tho' twice
 The Multitude should gaze) in Absence of your Eyes.

Alme. My Lord, my Eyes ungratefully behold
 The gilded Trophies of exterior Honours.
 Nor will my Ears be charm'd with sounding Words,
 Or pompous Phrase; the Pageantry of Souls.
 But that my Father is return'd in Safety,
 I bend to Heaven with Thanks.

Gon. Excellent Princess!
 But 'tis a Task unfit for my weak Age,
 With dying Words to offer at your Praise.

Garcia, my Son, your Beauty's lowest Slave,
 Has better done; in proving with his Sword
 The Force and Influence of your matchless Charms.

Alme. I doubt not of the Worth of *Garcia's* Deeds,
 Which had been brave, tho' I had ne'er been born.

Leo. Madam, the King.

[*Flourishing.*

Alme. My Women. I would meet him.

[*Attendants to Almeria enter in Mourning.*

SCENE IV.

Symphony of Warlike Musick. Enter the King, attended by Garcia and several Officers. Files of Prisoners in Chains, and Guards, who are ranged in Order round the Stage. Almeria meets the

The MOURNING BRIDE.

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the King, and kneels; afterwards Gonzalez kneels and kisses the King's Hand, while Garcia does the same to the Princess.

King. *Almeria* rise—my best *Gonzalez*, rise.

What, Tears! my good old Friend?—

Gon. But Tears of Joy.

Believe me, Sir, to see you thus has fill'd

My Eyes with more Delight than they can hold.

King. By Heav'n thou lov'st me, and I'm pleas'd thou dost:

Take it for Thanks, old Man, that I rejoice

To see thee weep on this Occasion——some

Here are, who seem to mourn at our Success!

Why is't, *Almeria*, that you meet our Eyes,

Upon this solemn Day in these sad Weeds?

In Opposition to my Brightness you

And yours are all like Daughters of Affliction.

Alme. Forgive me, Sir, if I in this offend.

The Year which I have vow'd to pay to Heav'n

In Mourning and strict Life, for my Deliverance

From Wreck and Death, wants yet to be expired.

King. Your Zeal to Heaven is great, so is your Debt:

Yet something too is due to me, who gave

That Life, which Heaven preserv'd. A Day bestow'd

In filial Duty, had atton'd and giv'n

A Dispensation to your Vow—No more.

'Twas weak and wilful——and a Woman's Error.

Yet——upon Thought, it doubly wounds my Sight,

To see that Sable worn upon the Day

Succeeding that, in which our deadliest Foe,

Hated *Anselmo*, was interr'd—By Heaven,

It looks as thou didst mourn for him: Just so,

Thy senseless Vow appear'd to bear its Date,

Not from that Hour wherein thou wert preserv'd,

But that wherein the curs'd *Alphonso* perish'd.

Ha! What thou dost not weep to think of that?

Gon. Have Patience, Royal Sir; the Princess weeps

To have offended you. If Fate decreed,

One pointed Hour should be *Alphonso's* Loss,

And her Deliverance; is she to blame?

King. I tell thee she is to blame not to have feasted

When my first Foe was laid in Earth, such Enmity,

Such Detestation, bears my Blood to his;

My Daughter should have revell'd at his Death,

She should have made these Palace Walls to shake,

And all this high and ample Roof to ring

With her Rejoicings. What, to mourn, and weep!

Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve? By Heav'n,

There's not a Slave, a shackled Slave of mine,

But

The MOURNING BRIDE.

But should have smil'd that Hour, through all his Care,
And shook his Chains in Transport and rude Harmony,

Gon. What she has done, was in Excess of Goodness;
Betray'd by too much Piety, to seem
As if she had offended——Sure no more.

King. To seem is to commit, at this Conjunction.
I wo't have a seeming Sorrow seen

To-day——Retire, divest your self with Speed
Of that offensive Black; on me be all

The Violation of your Vow: For you,
It shall be your Excuse, that I command it.

Gar. [*Kneeling.*] Your Pardon, Sir, if I presume so far,
As to remind you of your gracious Promise.

King. Rise, Garcia——I forgot. Yet stay, *Almeria*.

Alme. My boding Heart!——What is your Pleasure, Sir?

King. Draw near, and give your Hand; and Garcia, yours:
Receive this Lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy to be your Husband, and my Son.

Gar. Thus let me kneel to take——O not to take——
But to devote, and yield my self for ever
The Slave and Creature of my Royal Mistress.

Gon. O let me prostrate pay my worthless Thanks——

King. No more, my Promise long since pass'd, thy Services,
And Garcia's well-try'd Valour, all oblige me.

This Day we triumph; but to-morrow's Sun,
Garcia, shall shine to grace thy Nuptials——

Alme. Oh!

[*Faints.*]

Gar. She faints, help to support her.

Gon. She recovers.

King. A Fit of Bridal Fear: How is't *Almeria*?

Alme. A sudden Chillsness seizes on my Spirits.

Your Leave, Sir, to retire.

King. Garcia, conduct her.

[*Garcia leads Almeria to the Door, and returns.*]

This idle Vow hangs on her Woman's Fears.

I'll have a Priest shall preach her from her Faith,

And make it Sin not to renounce that Vow

Which I'd have broken. Now, what would *Alonzo*?

S C E N E V.

King, Gonfalez, Garcia, Alonzo, *Attendants.*

Alon. Your beauteous Captive, *Zara*, is arriv'd,
And with a Train as if she still were Wife
To *Albucacim*, and the *Moor* had conquer'd.

King. It is our Will she should be so attended.

Bear

The MOURNING BRIDE

Bear hence these Prisoners. *Garcia*, which is he,
Of whose mute Valour you relate such Wonders?

[Prisoners led off.]

Gar. *Osmyn*, who led the *Moorish* Horse; but he,
Great Sir, at her Request, attends on *Zara*.

King. He is your Prisoner; as you please dispose him.

Gar. I would oblige him, but he shuns my Kindness;
And with a haughty Mien, and stern Civility,
Dumbly declines all Offers: If he speak,
'Tis scarce above a Word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did disdain to talk;
At least, to talk where he must not command.

King. Such Sullenness, and in a Man so brave,
Must have some other Cause than his Captivity.
Did *Zara* then request he might attend her?

Gar. My Lord, she did.

King. That, join'd with his Behaviour,
Begets a Doubt. I'd have them watch'd; perhaps
Her Chains hang heavier on him than his own.

S C E N E VI.

King, *Gonzalez*, *Garcia*, *Alonzo*, *Zara* and *Osmyn* bound, conducted by *Perez* and a Guard, and attended by *Selim* and several Mutes and Eunuchs in a Train.

King. What Welcome, and what Honours, beauteous *Zara*,
A King and Conqueror can give, are yours.
A Conqueror indeed where you are won;
Who with such Lustre strike admiring Eyes,
That had our Pomp been with your Presence grac'd,
Th' expecting Crowd had been deceiv'd; and seen
Their Monarch enter not Triumphant, but
In pleasing Triumph led; your Beauty's Slave.

Zar. If I on any Terms could condescend
To like Captivity, or think those Honours,
Which Conquerors in Courtesy bestow,
Of equal Value with unborrow'd Rule,
And Native Right to arbitrary Sway;
I might be pleas'd when I behold this Train
With usual Homage wait. But when I feel
These Bonds, I look with loathing on my self;
And scorn vile Slavery, tho' doubly hid
Beneath Mock-Praises, and dissembling State.

King. Those Bonds! 'Twas my Command you should be free.
How durst you, *Perez*, disobey?

Perez. Great Sir,
Your Order was, she should not wait your Triumph;
But at some Distance follow, thus attended.

King. 'Tis

King. 'Tis false, 'twas more; I bid she should be free:
If not in Words, I bid it by my Eyes.
Her Eyes did more than bid——Free her and hers
With Speed——yet stay——my Hand alone can make
Fit Restitution here——Thus I release you,
And by releasing you enslave my self.

Zar. Such Favours so conferr'd, tho' when unsought,
Deserve Acknowledgment from noble Minds.
Such Thanks, as one hating to be obliged——
Yet hating more Ingratitude, can pay,
I offer.

King. Born to excel, and to command!
As by transcendant Beauty to attract
All Eyes, so by Preheminence of Soul
To rule all Hearts.

Garcia, what's he, who with contracted Brow,

[Beholding *Osmyn* as they unbind him.

And sullen Port, glooms downward with his Eyes;
At once regardless of his Chains, or Liberty?

Gar. That, Sir, is he of whom I spoke; that's *Osmyn*.

King. He answers well the Character you gave him.
Whence comes it, valiant *Osmyn*, that a Man
So great in Arms, as thou art said to be,
So hardly can endure Captivity,
The common Chance of War?

Osm. Because Captivity
Has robb'd me of a dear and just Revenge.

King. I understand not that. *Osm.* I would not have you.

Zar. That gallant *Moor* in Battle lost a Friend,
Whom more than Life he lov'd; and the Regret
Of not revenging on his Foes that Loss,
Has caus'd this Melancholly and Despair.

King. She does excuse him; it is as I suspected. [To *Gon*.

Gon. That Friend may be herself; seem not to heed
His arrogant Reply: She looks concerned.

King. I'll have Enquiry made; perhaps his Friend
Yet lives, and is a Prisoner. His Name.

Zar. Heli.

King. Garcia, that Search shall be your Care:
It shall be mine to pay Devotion here;
At this fair Shrine to lay my Laurel down,
And raise Love's Altar on the Spoils of War.
Conquest and Triumph, now, are mine no more;
Nor will I Victory in Camps adore:
For, ling'ring there, in long Suspence she stands,
Shifting the Prize in unresolving Hands:
Unus'd to wait, I broke through her Delay,
Fix'd her by Force, and snatch'd the doubtful Day.

Now,

Now, late I find that War is but her Sport;
In Love the Goddess keeps her awful Court;
Fickle in Fields, unsteadily she flies,
But rules with settled Sway in Zara's Eyes.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Representing the Isle of a Temple.

Garcia, Heli, Perez.

Gar. **T**HIS Way, we're told, *Osmyn* was seen to walk:
Chusing this lonely Mansion of the Dead,
To mourn, brave *Heli*, thy mistaken Fate.

Heli. Let Heav'n with Thunder to the Centre strike me,
If to arise in very Deed from Death,
And to revisit with my long-clos'd Eyes
This living Light, cou'd to my Soul, or Sense,
Afford a Thought, or shew a Glimpse of Joy,
In least Proportion to the vast Delight
I feel, to hear of *Osmyn's* Name; to hear
That *Osmyn* lives, and I again shall see him.

Gar. I've heard, with Admiration, of your Friendship.

Per. Yonder, my Lord, behold the noble *Moor*.

Heli. Where? where? *Gar.* I saw him not, nor any like him—

Per. I saw him when I spoke, thwarting my View,
And striding with distemper'd Haste; his Eyes
Seem'd Flame, and flash'd upon me with a Glance;
Then forward shot their Fires, which he pursu'd,
As to some Object frightful, yet not fear'd.

Gar. Let's haste to follow him, and know the Cause.

Heli. My Lord, let me entreat you to forbear:
Leave me alone, to find and cure the Cause.
I know his Melancholly, and such Starts
Are usual to his Temper. It might raise him
To act some Violence upon himself,
So to be caught in an unguarded Hour,
And when his Soul gives all her Passions Way,
Secure and loose in friendly Solitude,
I know his noble Heart would burst with Shame,
To be surpriz'd by Strangers in its Frailty.

Gar. Go, gen'rous *Heli*, and relieve your Friend.
Far be it from me, officiously to pry
Or press upon the Privacies of others.

SCENE II.

Garcia, Perez.

Gar. *Perez*, the King expects from our Return
To have his Jealousy confirm'd, or clear'd,
Of that appearing Love which *Zara* bears

To *Osmyn*; but some other Opportunity
Must make that plain.

Perez. To me 'twas long since plain,
And ev'ry Look from him and her confirms it.

Gar. If so, Unhappiness attends their Love,
And I could pity 'em. I hear some coming,
The Friends perhaps are met; Let us avoid 'em.

S C E N E III.

Almeria, Leonora.

Alme. It was a fancy'd Noise, for all is hush'd.

Leo. It bore the Accent of a human Voice.

Alme. It was thy Fear, or else some transient Wind
Whistling through Hollows of this vaulted Isle.

We'll listen—— *Leo.* Hark!

Alme. No, all is hush'd, and still as Death——'Tis dreadful!

How reverend is the Face of this tall Pile,
Whose ancient Pillars rear their Marble Heads,
'To bear aloft this arch'd and pond'rous Roof,
By its own Weight made steadfast and immoveable,
Looking Tranquillity. It strikes an Awe
And Terror on my aking Sight; the Tombs
And Monumental Caves of Death look cold,
And shoot a Chilness on my trembling Heart.
Give me thy Hand, and let me hear thy Voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy Voice——my own affrights me with its Echo's.

Leo. Let us return; the Horror of this Place,
And Silence, will encrease your Melancholly.

Alme. It may my Fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; shew me *Anselmo's* Tomb,
Lead me o'er Bones and Skulls, and mould'ring Earth
Of Human Bodies; for I'll mix with them,
Or wind me in the Shroud of some pale Coarse
Yet green in Earth, rather than be the Bride
Of *Garcia's* more detested Bed: That Thought
Exerts my Spirits; and my present Fears
Are lost in Dread of greater Ill. Then shew me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown: Lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my Vows again
To him, to Heaven, and my *Alphonso's* Soul.

Leo. I go, but Heaven can tell with what Regret.

S C E N E IV.

The S C E N E opening, discovers a Place of Tombs. One
Monument fronting the View greater than the rest.

Heli. I wander through this Maze of Monuments,
Yet cannot find him——Hark! sure 'tis the Voice
Of one complaining——There it sounds——I'll follow it.

S C E N E

SCENE V.

Almeria, Leonora.

Leo. Behold the sacred Vault, within whose Womb
The poor Remains of good *Anselmo* rest:
Yet fresh and unconsum'd by Time or Worms.
What do I see? O Heav'n! either my Eyes
Are false, or still the marble Door remains
Unclos'd; the Iron Grates that lead to Death
Beneath, are still wide stretch'd upon their Hinge,
And staring on us with unfolded Leaves.

Alme. Sure 'tis the friendly Yawn of Death for me;
And that dumb Mouth, significant in Show,
Invites me to the Bed where I alone
Shall rest; shews me the Grave, where Nature, weary,
And long oppress'd with Woes and bending Cares,
May lay the Burthen down, and sink in Slumbers
Of Peace Eternal. Death, grim Death, will fold
Me in his leaden Arms, and press me close
To his cold clayie Breast: My Father then
Will cease his Tyranny, and *Garcia* too
Will fly my pale Deformity with loathing.
My Soul, enlarg'd from its vile Bonds, will mount,
And range the starry Orbs, and milky Ways
Of that refulgent World, where I shall swim
In liquid Light, and float on Seas of Bliss
To my *Alphonso's* Soul. O Joy too great!
O Ecstasy of Thought! Help me, *Alphonso*;
Help me, *Alphonso*; take me, reach thy Hand;
To thee, to thee I call, to thee, *Alphonso*:
O *Alphonso*!

SCENE VI.

Almeria, Leonora, Osmyn ascending from the Tomb.

Osm. Who calls that wretched thing that was *Alphonso*?

Alme. Angels, and all the Host of Heav'n, support me!

Osm. Whence is that Voice, whose Shrieks, from the Grave,
And growing to his Father's Shroud, roots up
Alphonso!

Alme. Mercy! Providence! O speak,
Speak to it quickly, quickly; speak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy Bosom, from the Light,
And from my Eyes.

Osm. Amazement and Illusion!
Rivet and nail me where I stand, ye Pow'rs;
That motionless I may be still deceiv'd.
Let me not stir, nor breathe, lest I dissolve

[*Coming forward.*

That tender, lovely Form of painted Air,
 So like *Almeria*. Ha! it sinks, it falls;
 I'll catch it e'er it goes, and grasp her Shade.
 'Tis Life! 'tis warm! 'tis she! 'tis she herself!
 Nor dead, nor Shade, but breathing and alive!
 It is *Almeria*, 'tis, it is my Wife.

S C E N E VII.

Almeria, Leonora, Osmyn, Heli.

Leo. Alas, she stirs not yet, nor lifts her Eyes;
 He too is fainting—Help me, help me, Stranger,
 Who-e'er thou art, and lend thy Hand to raise
 These Bodies.

Heli. Ha! 'tis he! and with—— *Almeria!*
 O Miracle of Happiness! O Joy
 Unhop'd for, does *Almeria* live!

Osm. Where is she?
 Let me behold and touch her, and be sure
 'Tis she; shew me her Face, and let me feel
 Her Lips with mine——'Tis she, I'm not deceiv'd;
 I taste her Breath, I warm'd her and am warm'd.
 Look up *Almeria*, bless me with thy Eyes;
 Look on thy Love, thy Lover, and thy Husband.

Alme. I've sworn I'll not wed *Garcia*; why d'ye force me?
 Is this a Father?——

Osm. Look on thy *Alphonso*.
 Thy Father is not here, my Love, nor *Garcia*:
 Nor am I what I seem, but thy *Alphonso*.
 Wilt thou not know me? Hast thou then forgot me?
 Hast thou thy Eyes, yet can't not see *Alphonso*?
 Am I so alter'd, or art thou so chang'd,
 That seeing my Disguise, thou see'st not me?

Alme. It is, it is *Alphonso*; 'tis his Face,
 His Voice, I know him now, I know him all.
 O take me to thy Arms, and bear me hence
 Back to the Bottom of the boundless Deep,
 To Seas beneath, where thou so long hast dwelt.
 O how hast thou return'd? How hast thou charm'd
 The Wildness of the Waves and Rocks to this?
 That thus relenting, they have giv'n thee back
 To Earth, to Light and Life, to Love and me.

Osm. O I'll not ask, nor answer how, or why
 We both have backward trod the Paths of Fate,
 To meet again in Life; to know I have thee,
 Is knowing more than any Circumstance
 Or Means by which I have thee——
 To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy Lips,

And

And gaze upon thy Eyes, is so much Joy,
I have not Leisure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle Time in thinking.

Alme. Stay a while——

Let me look on thee, yet a little more.

Osm. What would'st thou? thou dost put me from thee.

Alme. Yes.

Osm. And why? What dost thou mean? Why dost thou gaze so?

Alme. I know not, 'tis to see thy Face, I think——

It is too much! too much to bear and live!

To see him thus again is such Profusion

Of Joy, of Bliss——I cannot bear——I must

Be mad——I cannot be transported thus.

Osm. Thou Excellence, thou Joy, thou Heav'n of Love!

Alme. Where hast thou been? and how art thou alive?

How is all this? all-powerful Heav'n, what are we?

O my strain'd Heart——let me again behold thee,

For I weep to see thee——Art thou not paler?

Much, much; how thou art chang'd! *Osm.* Not in my Love.

Alme. No, no, thy Grievs, I know, have done this to thee.

Thou hast wept much, *Alphonso*, and, I fear,

Too much, too tenderly lamented me.

Osm. Wrong not my Love, to say too tenderly.

No more, my Life; talk not of Tears or Grief;

Affliction is no more, now thou art found.

Why dost thou weep and hold thee from my Arms,

My Arms which ake to fold thee fast, and grow

To thee with twining? Come, come to my Heart.

Alme. I will, for I should never look enough.

They would have marry'd me; but I had sworn

To Heav'n and thee, and sooner would have dy'd——

Osm. Perfection of all Faithfulness and Love!

Alme. Indeed I would——Nay, I would tell thee all,

If I could speak; how I have mourn'd and pray'd;

For I have pray'd to thee as to a Saint:

And thou hast heard my Prayer, for thou art come

To my Distress, to my Despair, which Heav'n

Could only by restoring thee have cur'd.

Osm. Grant me but Life, good Heav'n, but Length of Days,

To pay some Part, some little of this Debt,

This countless Sum of Tenderness and Love,

For which I stand engag'd to this All-Excellence:

Then bear me in a Whirlwind to my Fate,

Snatch me from Life, and cut me short unwarn'd;

Then, then 'twill be enough——I shall be old,

I shall have liv'd beyond all *Aera's* then

Of yet unmeasur'd Time; when I have made

This

This exquisite, this most amazing Goodness,
Some Recompence of Love and matchless Truth.

Alme. 'Tis more than Recompence to see thy Face!

If Heaven is greater Joy, it is no Happiness,
For 'tis not to be borne——What shall I say?
I have a Thousand Things to know, and ask,
And speak——That thou art here, beyond all Hope,
All Thought; that all at once thou art before me,
And with such Suddenness hast hit my Sight,
Is such Surprise, such Mystery, such Extasy!
It hurries all my Soul, and stuns my Sense.
Sure from thy Father's Tomb thou didst arise!

Ofm. I did, and thou, my Love, didst call me; thou.

Alme. True, but how cam'st thou there? Wert thou alone?

Ofm. I was, and lying on my Father's Lead,
When broken Echoes of a distant Voice
Disturb'd the sacred Silence of the Vault,
In Murmurs round my Head. I rose and listned,
And thought I heard thy Spirit call *Alphonso*;
I thought I saw thee too; but O I thought not
That I indeed should be so blest to see thee——

Alme. But still, how cam'st thou hither? How thus?—Ha!
What's he, who like thy self is started here
E'er seen?

Ofm. Where? ha! What do I see? *Antonio*?
I'm fortunate indeed——my Friend too safe!

Heli. Most happily, in finding you thus blest'd.

Alme. More Miracles! *Antonio* too escap'd!

Ofm. And twice escap'd, both from the Rage of Seas
And War; for in the Fight I saw him fall.

Heli. But fell unhurt, a Prisoner as your self,
And as your self made free; hither I came
Impatiently to seek you, where I knew
Your Grief would lead you to lament *Anselmo*.

Ofm. There are no Wonders, or else all is Wonder.

Heli. I saw you on the Ground, and rais'd you up:
When with Astonishment, I saw *Almeria*.

Ofm. I saw her too, and therefore saw not thee.

Alme. Nor I; nor could I, for my Eyes were yours.

Ofm. What means the Bounty of all gracious Heaven,
That persevering still with open Hand,
It scatters Good, as in the Waste of Mercy!
Where will this end! but Heaven is infinite
In all, and can continue to bestow,
When scanty Number shall be spent in telling.

Leo. Or I'm deceiv'd, or I beheld the Glimpse
Of two in shining Habits cross the Isle;
Who by their pointing seem to mark this Place.

Alme. Sure

Alme. Sure I have dreamt, if we must part so soon.

Ofm. I wish at least, our Parting were a Dream,
Or we could sleep 'till we again were met.

Heli. Zara with *Selim*, Sir, I saw, and knew 'em:
You must be quick, for Love will lend her Wings.

Alme. What Love? Who is she? Why are you alarm'd?

Ofm. She's the Reverse of thee; she's my Unhappiness.
Harbour no Thought that may disturb thy Peace;
But gently take thy self away, lest she
Should come, and see the Straining of my Eyes
To follow thee. I'll think how we may meet
To part no more; my Friend will tell thee all;
How I escap'd, how I am here, and thus,
How I'm not call'd *Alphonso*, now, but *Ofmyn*;
And he *Heli*. All, all he will unfold,
E'er next we meet——

Alme. Sure we shall meet again——

Ofm. We shall; we part not but to meet again.
Gladness and Warmth of ever-kindling Love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy Heart in Absence.

S C E N E VIII.

Ofm. [*Alone.*] Yet I behold her—yet—And now no more.
Turn your Lights inward, Eyes, and view my Thought,
So shall you still behold her——'twill not be.
O Impotence of Sight! Mechanick Sense,
Which to exterior Objects ow'ft thy Faculty,
Not seeing of Election, but Necessity.
Thus do our Eyes, as do all common Mirrours,
Successively reflect succeeding Images:
Not what they would, but must; a Star, or Toad:
Just as the Hand of Chance administers.
Not so the Mind, whose undetermin'd View
Revolves, and to the present adds the past:
Essaying further to Futurity;
But that in vain. I have *Almeria* here
At once, as I before have seen her often——

S C E N E IX.

Zara, Selim, Ofmyn.

Zar. See where he stands, folded and fix'd to Earth,
Stiff'ning in Thought; a Statue among Statues.
Why, cruel *Ofmyn*, dost thou fly me thus?
Is it well done? Is this then the Return
For Fame, for Honour, and for Empire lost?
But what is Loss of Honour, Fame and Empire?
Is this the Recomperce reserv'd for Love?
Why dost thou leave my Eyes, and fly my Arms,

To

To find this Place of Horror and Obscurity?
 Am I more loathsome to thee than the Grave,
 That thou dost seek to shield thee there, and shun
 My Love? But to the Grave I'll follow thee——
 He looks not, minds not, hears not, barbarous Man,
 Am I neglected thus? Am I despis'd?
 Not heard! ungrateful *Osmyn*.

Osm. Ha, 'tis *Zara*!

Zar. Yes, Traitor, *Zara*, lost, abandon'd *Zara*,
 Is a regardless Suppliant, now, to *Osmyn*.
 The Slave, the Wretch that she redeem'd from Death,
 Disdains to listen now, or look on *Zara*.

Osm. Far be the Guilt of such Reproaches from me;
 Lost in my self, and blinded by my Thoughts,
 I saw you not, 'till now.

Zar. Now then you see me——
 But with such dumb and thankless Eyes you look,
 Better I was unseen than seen thus coldly.

Osm. What would you from a Wretch who came to mourn;
 And only for his Sorrows chose this Solitude?
 Look round; Joy is not here, nor Chearfulness.
 You have pursu'd Misfortune to its Dwelling,
 Yet look for Gaiety and Gladness there.

Zar. Inhuman! Why, why dost thou wreck me thus?
 And with Perverseness, from the Purpose answer?
 What is't to me, this House of Misery?
 What Joy do I require? If thou dost mourn,
 I come to mourn with thee; to share thy Griefs,
 And give thee for 'em, in Exchange, my Love.

Osm. O that's the greatest Grief——I am so poor,
 I have not wherewithal to give again.

Zar. Thou hast a Heart, though 'tis a savage one;
 Give it me as it is; I ask no more
 For all I've done, and all I have endur'd:
 For saving thee, when I beheld thee first,
 Driven by the Tide upon my Country's Coast,
 Pale and expiring, drench'd in briny Waves,
 Thou and thy Friend, 'till my Compassion found thee;
 Compassion! scarce will't own that Name, so soon,
 So quickly was it Love; for thou wert God-like
 Ev'n then. Kneeling on Earth, I loos'd my Hair,
 And with it dry'd thy watry Cheeks; then chaf'd
 Thy Temples, 'till reviving Blood arose,
 And like the Morn vermilion'd o'er thy Face.
 O Heav'n! how did my Heart rejoice and ake,
 When I beheld the Day-break of thy Eyes,
 And felt the Balm of thy respiring Lips!

Osm. O

Osm. O call not to my Mind what you have done;
It sets a Debt of that Account before me,
Which shews me poor and bankrupt e'en in Hopes.

Zar. The faithful *Selim*, and my Women know
The Dangers which I tempted to conceal you.
You know how I abus'd the credulous King;
What Arts I us'd to make you pass on him,
When he receiv'd you as the Prince of *Fez*,
And as my Kinsman honour'd and advanc'd you.
O, why do I relate what I have done?
What did I not? Was't not for you this War
Commenc'd? Not knowing who you were, nor why
You hated *Manuel*, I urg'd my Husband
To this Invasion; where he late was lost,
Where all is lost, and I am made a Slave.
Look on me now, from Empire fallen to Slavery;
Think on my Suff'rings first, then look on me;
Think on the Cause of all, then view thy self:
Reflect on *Osmyn*, and then look on *Zara*,
The fall'n, the lost, and now the Captive *Zara*,
And now abandon'd——say, what then is *Osmyn*?

Osm. A fatal Wretch——a huge stupendous Ruin,
That tumbling on its Prop, crush'd all beneath,
And bore contiguous Palaces to Earth.

Zar. Yet thus, thus fall'n, thus levell'd with the vilest,
If I have gain'd thy Love, 'tis glorious Ruin;
Ruin! 'tis still to reign, and to be more
A Queen; for what are Riches, Empire, Power,
But larger Means to gratifie the Will?
The Steps on which we tread, to rise, and reach
Our Wish, and that obtain'd, down with the Scaffolding
Of Scepters, Crowns, and Thrones; they've serv'd their End,
And are, like Lumber, to be left and scorn'd.

Osm. Why was I made the Instrument to throw
In Bonds the Frame of this exalted Mind?

Zar. We may be free, the Conqueror is mine;
In Chains unseen I hold him by the Heart,
And can unwind or strain him as I please.
Give me thy Love, I'll give thee Liberty.

Osm. In vain you offer, and in vain require
What neither can bestow. Set free your self,
And leave a Slave the Wretch that would be so.

Zar. Thou canst not mean so poorly as thou talk'st.

Osm. Alas, you know me not.

Zar. Not who thou art:
But what, this last Ingratitude declares,
This groveling Baseness——thou say'st true, I know

Thee not, for what thou art yet wants a Name:
 By something so unworthy, and so vile,
 That to have lov'd thee makes me yet more lost,
 Than all the Malice of my other Fate.
 Traitor, Monster, cold and perfidious Slave;
 A Slave, not daring to be free! nor dares
 To love above him, for 'tis dangerous:
 'Tis that, I know, for thou dost look with Eyes
 Sparkling Desire, and trembling to possess.
 I know my Charms have reach'd thy very Soul,
 And thrill'd thee through with darted Fires; but thou
 Dost fear so much, thou dar'st not wish. The King!
 There, there's the dreadful Sound, the King's thy Rival!
Sel. Madam, the King is here, and entering now.
Zar. As I could wish; by Heaven I'll be reveng'd.

S C E N E X.

Zara, Osmyn, Selim, the King, Perez, and Attendants.

King. Why does the fairest of her Kind withdraw
 Her Shining from the Day, to gild this Scene
 Of Death and Night? Ha! what Disorder's this?
 Something I heard of King and Rival mention'd,
 What's he that dares be Rival to the King?
 Or lift his Eyes to like, where I adore?

Zar. There, he; your Prisoner, and that was my Slave.

King. How? Better than my Hopes! Does she accuse him?

[*Aside.*

Zar. Am I become so low by my Captivity,
 And do your Arms so lessen what they conquer,
 That *Zara* must be made the Sport of Slaves?
 And shall the Wretch, whom yester Sun beheld
 Waiting my Nod, the Creature of my Pow'r,
 Presume to Day to plead audacious Love,
 And build bold Hopes on my dejected Fate?

King. Better for him to tempt the Rage of Heav'n,
 And wrench the Bolt red-hissing from the Hand
 Of him that thunders, than but think that Insolence.
 'Tis daring for a God. Hence, to the Wheel
 With that *Ixion*, who aspires to hold
 Divinity embrac'd; to Whips and Prisons
 Drag him with Speed, and rid me of his Face.

[*Guards seize Osmyn.*

Zar. Compassion led me to bemoan his State,
 Whose former Faith had merited much more:
 And through my Hopes in you, I undertook
 He should be set at large; thence sprung his Insolence,
 And what was Charity, he constru'd Love.

King. Enough;

The MOURNING BRIDE.

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King. Enough; his Punishment be what you please.
But let me lead you from this Place of Sorrow,
To one where young Delights attend; and Joys
Yet new, unborn, and blooming in the Bud,
Which wait to be full-blown at your Approach,
And spread like Roses to the Morning Sun:
Where ev'ry Hour shall roll in circling Joys,
And Love shall wing the tedious-wasting Day.
Life without Love is Load; and Time stands still:
What we refuse to him, to Death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Prison.

Osmyn alone with a Paper.

Osmyn. **B**UT now, and I was clos'd within the Tomb
That holds my Father's Ashes; and but now,
Where he was Pris'ner I am too imprison'd.
Sure 'tis the Hand of Heav'n that leads me thus,
And for some Purpose points out these Remembrances.
In a dark Corner of my Cell I found
This Paper, what it is this Light will show.

If my Alphonso—Ha!

[Reading.]

*If my Alphonso live, restore him Heav'n;
Give me more Weight, crush my declining Years
With Bolts, with Chains, Imprisonment and Want;
But bless my Son, visit not him for me.*

It is his Hand; this was his Prayer——yet more:

Let ev'ry Hair, which Sorrow by the Roots

[Reading.]

Tears from my hoary and devoted Head,

Be doubled in thy Mercies to my Son:

Not for my self, but him; hear me, all-gracious——

'Tis wanting what should follow——Heav'n should follow;

But 'tis torn off——Why should that Word alone

Be torn from his Petition? 'Twas to Heaven,

But Heav'n was deaf, Heav'n heard him not; but thus,

Thus as the Name of Heav'n from this is torn,

So did it tear the Ears of Mercy from

His Voice, shutting the Gates of Prayer against him.

If Piety be thus debarr'd Access

On high, and of good Men the very best

Is singled out to bleed, and bear the Scourge,

What is Reward? or what is Punishment?

But who shall dare to tax Eternal Justice!

Yet I may think——I may, I must; for Thought

Preceeds the Will to think, and Error lives
 E'er Reason can be born. Reason, the Power
 To guess at Right and Wrong; the twinkling Lamp
 Of wand'ring Life, that winks and wakes by Turns,
 Fooling the Follower, betwixt Shade and Shining.
 What Noise! Who's there? My Friend, how cam'st thou hither?

S C E N E II.

Osmyn, Heli.

Heli. The Time's too precious to be spent in telling;
 The Captain, influenc'd by *Almeria's* Power,
 Gave Order to the Guards for my Admittance.

Osmy. How does *Almeria*? But I know, she is
 As I am. Tell me, may I hope to see her?

Heli. You may, anon, at Midnight, when the King
 Is gone to Rest, and *Garcia* is retir'd,
 (Who takes the Privilege to visit late,
 Presuming on a Bridegroom's Right) she'll come.

Osmy. She'll come, 'tis what I wish, yet what I fear.
 She'll come; but whither, and to whom? O Heav'n!
 To a vile Prison, and a captiv'd Wretch;
 To one, whom had she never known she had
 Been happy: Why, why was that heav'nly Creature
 Abandon'd o'er to love what Heav'n forsakes?
 Why does she follow, with unwearied Steps,
 One, who has tir'd Misfortune with pursuing?
 One, driven about the World like blasted Leaves
 And Chaff, the Sport of adverse Winds; 'till late
 At length, imprison'd in some Cleft of Rock,
 Or Earth, it rests and rots to silent Dust.

Heli. Have Hopes, and hear the Voice of better Fate.
 I've learn'd there are Disorders ripe for Mutiny
 Among the 'Troops, who thought to share the Plunder,
 Which *Manuel* to his own Use and Avarice
 Converts. This News has reach'd *Valentia's* Frontiers;
 Where many of your Subjects, long oppress'd
 With Tyranny and grievous Impositions,
 Are risen in Arms, and call for Chiefs to head
 And lead 'em, to regain their Rights and Liberty.

Osmy. By Heav'n thou'st rous'd me from my Lethargy,
 The Spirit which was deaf to my own Wrongs,
 And the loud Cries of my dead Father's Blood;
 Deaf to Revenge—nay, which refus'd to hear
 The piercing Sighs and Murmurs of my Love
 Yet unenjoy'd; what not *Almeria* could
 Revive, or raise, my People's Voice has waken'd.
 O my *Antonio*, I am all on Fire,

My

My Soul is up in Arms, ready to charge
And bear amidst the Foe, with conqu'ring Troops.
I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to Liberty,
To Victory; their Shouts and Clamours rend
My Ears, and reach the Heav'ns: Where is the King?
Where is *Alphonso*? Ha! Where? Where indeed?
O I could tear and burst the Strings of Life,
To break these Chains. Off, off, ye Stains of Royalty,
Off, Slavery. O Curse! that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my Cage, when I
Would soar, and stoop at Victory beneath.

Heli. Our Posture of Affairs, and scanty Time,
My Lord, require you should compose your self,
And think on what we may reduce to Practice.

Zara, the Cause of your Restraint, may be
The Means of Liberty restor'd. That gain'd,
Occasion will not fail to point out Ways
For your Escape. Mean time, I've thought already
With Speed and Safety to convey my self
Where not far off some Male-contents hold Council
Nightly, who hate this Tyrant; some, who love
Anselmo's Memory, and will, for certain,
When they shall know you live, assist your Cause.

Ofm. My Friend and Counsellor, as thou think'st fit,
So do. I will with Patience wait my Fortune.

Heli. When *Zara* comes, abate of your Aversion.

Ofm. I hate her not, nor can dissemble Love:
But as I may, I'll do. I have a Paper
Which I would shew thee, Friend, but that the Sight
Would hold thee here, and clog thy Expedition.
Within I found it, by my Father's Hand
'Twas writ; a Pray'r for me, wherein appears
Paternal Love prevailing o'er his Sorrows,
Such Sanctity, such Tenderness, so mix'd
With Grief, as would draw Tears from Inhumanity.

Heli. The Care of Providence sure left it there,
To arm your Mind with Hope. Such Piety
Was never heard in vain; Heaven has in Store
For you, those Blessings it with-held from him.
In that Assurance live; which Time, I hope,
And our next Meeting will confirm.

Ofm. Farewel,
My Friend, the Good thou dost deserve attend thee.

SCENE III.

Ofm. [Alone.] I've been to blame, and question'd with Impiety
The Care of Heaven. Not so my Father bore

More

More anxious Grief. This should have better taught me:
 This Lesson, in some Hour of Inspiration,
 By him set down, when his pure Thoughts were borne,
 Like Fumes of sacred Incense, o'er the Clouds,
 And wafted thence, on Angels Wings, thro' Ways
 Of Light, to the bright Source of all. For there
 He in the Book of Prescience saw this Day;
 And waking to the World and mortal Sense,
 Left this Example of his Resignation,
 This his last Legacy to me, which, here,
 I'll treasure, as more worth than Diadems,
 Or all extended Rule of regal Power.

S C E N E IV.

Osmyn, Zara veil'd.

Osmyn. What Brightness breaks upon me thus thro' Shades,
 And promises a Day to this dark Dwelling?
 Is it my Love?—

Zar. O that thy Heart had taught [Lifting her Veil.
 Thy Tongue that Saying.

Osmyn. *Zara,* I am betray'd
 By my Surprise.

Zar. What, does my Face displease thee?
 That having seen it, thou dost turn thy Eyes
 Away, as from Deformity and Horror.
 If so, this fable Curtain shall again
 Be drawn, and I will stand before thee seeing,
 And unseen. Is it my Love? Ask again
 That Question, speak again in that soft Voice,
 And look again with Wishes in thy Eyes.
 O no, thou can'st not, for thou seest me now,
 As she whose savage Breast has been the Cause
 Of these thy Wrongs; as she, whose barbarous Rage
 Has loaded thee with Chains and galling Irons:
 Well dost thou scorn me, and upbraid my Falseness:
 Could one who lov'd, thus torture whom she lov'd?
 No, no, it must be Hatred, dire Revenge,
 And Detestation, that could use thee thus.
 So thou dost think; then do but tell me so,
 Tell me, and thou shalt see how I'll revenge
 Thee on this false one, how I'll stab and tear
 This Heart of Flint 'till it shall bleed; and thou
 Shalt weep for mine, forgetting thy own Miseries.

Osmyn. You wrong me, beauteous *Zara,* to believe
 I bear my Fortunes with so low a Mind,
 As still to meditate Revenge on all
 Whom Chance, or Fate working by secret Causes,

Has

Has made per-force subservient to that End
The Heavenly Powers allot me; no, not you,
But Destiny and inauspicious Stars
Have cast me down to this low Being: Or,
Granting you had, from you I have deserv'd it.

Zar. Canst thou forgive me then? wilt thou believe
So kindly of my Fault to call it Madness?
O, give that Madness yet a milder Name,
And call it Passion; then be still more kind,
And call that Passion Love.

Ofm. Give it a Name,
Or Being as you please, such I will think it.

Zar. O thou dost wound me more with this thy Goodness,
Than e'er thou could'st with bitterest Reproaches;
Thy Anger could not pierce thus to my Heart.

Ofm. Yet I could wish— *Zar.* Haste me to know it; what?

Ofm. That at this Time I had not been this Thing.

Zar. What Thing. *Ofm.* This Slave.

Zar. O Heaven! my Fears interpret
This thy Silence; somewhat of high Concern,
Long fashioning within thy labouring Mind,
And now just ripe for Birth, my Rage has ruin'd.
Have I done this? Tell me, am I so curs'd?

Ofm. Time may have still one fatal Hour to come,
Which, wing'd with Liberty, might overtake
Occasion past.

Zar. Swift as Occasion, I
Myself will fly; and earlier than the Morn
Wake thee to Freedom. Now 'tis late, and yet
Some News few Minutes past arriv'd, which seem'd
To shake the Temper of the King—Who knows
What wrecking Cares disease a Monarch's Bed?
Or Love, that late at Night still lights his Lamp,
And strikes his Rays thro' Dusk, and folded Lids,
Forbidding Rest, may stretch his Eyes awake,
And force their Balls abroad at this dead Hour.
I'll try.

Ofm. I have not merited this Grace,
Nor, should my secret Purpose take Effect,
Can I repay, as you require, such Benefits.

Zar. Thou canst not owe me more, nor have I more
To give, than I've already lost. But now,
So does the Form of our Engagements rest,
Thou hast the Wrong, 'till I redeem thee hence;
That done, I leave thy Justice to return,
My Love. Adieu.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Osm. [*Alone.*] This Woman has a Soul
Of God-like Mould, intrepid and commanding,
And challenges in spite of me, my best
Esteem; to this she's fair, few more can boast
Of Personal Charms, or with less Vanity
Might hope to captivate the Hearts of Kings.
But she has Passions which out-strip the Wind,
And tear her Virtues up, as Tempests root
The Sea. I fear when she shall know the Truth,
Some swift and dire Event of her blind Rage
Will make all fatal. But behold she comes
For whom I fear, to shield me from my Fears,
The Cause and Comfort of my boding Heart.

S C E N E VI.

Almeria, Osmyn.

Osm. My Life, my Health, my Liberty, my All!
How shall I welcome thee to this sad Place?
How I speak to thee the Words of Joy and Transport?
How run into thy Arms with-held by Fetters;
Or take thee into mine, while I'm thus manacled
And pinion'd like a Thief or Murderer?
Shall I not hurt and bruise thy tender Body,
And stain thy Bosom with the Rust of these
Rude Irons! Must I meet thee thus, *Almeria*?

Alme. Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.
Thou told'st me thou would'st think how we might meet
To part no more—Now we will part no more;
For these thy Chains, or Death, shall join us ever.

Osm. Hard Means to ratifie that Word!—O Cruelty!
That ever I should think beholding thee
A Torture!—yet such is the bleeding Anguish
Of my Heart, to see thy Sufferings—O Heaven!
That I could almost turn my Eyes away,
Or wish thee from my Sight.

Alme. O! say not so;
Tho' 'tis because thou lov'st me. Do not say,
On any Terms, that thou dost wish me from thee.
No, no, 'tis better thus, that we together
Feed on each other's Heart, devour our Woes
With mutual Appetite; and mingling in
One Cup the common Stream of both our Eyes,
Drink bitter Draughts with never-slacking Thirst.
Thus better, than for any Cause to part.
What dost thou think? Look not so tenderly

Upon

Upon me——speak, and take me in thy Arms——
Thou can'st not! thy poor Arms are bound, and strive
In vain with the remorseless Chains, which gnaw
And eat into thy Flesh, festring thy Limbs
With rankling Rust.

Osm. Oh! O——

Alme. Give me that Sigh,
Why dost thou heave, and stifle in thy Griefs?
Thy Heart will burst, thy Eyes look red and start;
Give thy Soul Way, and tell me thy dark Thought.

Osm. For this World's Rule, I would not wound thy Breast
With such a Dagger as then stuck my Heart.

Alme. Why? Why? To know it, cannot wound me more,
Than knowing thou hast felt it. Tell it me.

——Thou giv'st me Pain with too much Tenderness!

Osm. And thy extensive Love distracts my Sense!
O wouldst thou be less killing, soft or kind,
Grief could not double thus his Darts against me.

Alme. Thou do'st me Wrong, and Grief too robs my Heart,
If there he shoot not ev'ry other Shaft;
Thy second self should feel each other Wound,
And Woe should be in equal Portions dealt:
I am thy Wife——

Osm. O thou hast search'd too deep:
There, there I bleed; there pull the cruel Cords,
That strain my cracking Nerves; Engines and Wheels,
That Peace-meal grind, are Beds of Down and Balm
To that Soul-racking Thought.

Alme. Then I am curs'd
Indeed, if that be so; if I'm thy Torment,
Kill me, then kill me, dash me with thy Chains,
Tread on me: What, am I thy Bosom-Snake,
That sucks thy warm Life-Blood, and gnaws thy Heart?
O that thy Words had Force to break those Bonds,
As they have Strength to tear this Heart in sunder;
So shou'dst thou be at large from all Oppression.
Am I, am I of all thy Woes the worst?

Osm. My all of Bliss, my everlasting Life,
Soul of my Soul, and End of all my Wishes,
Why dost thou thus unman me with thy Words,
And melt me down to mingle with thy Weepings?
Why dost thou ask? Why dost thou talk thus piercingly?
Thy Sorrows have disturb'd thy Peace of Mind,
And thou dost speak of Miseries impossible.

Alme. Didst thou not say, that Racks and Wheels were Balm,
And Beds of Ease to thinking me thy Wife?

Osm. No, no; nor should the subtlest Pains that Hell,
Or Hell-born Malice can invent, extort

The MOURNING BRIDE.

A Wish or Thought from me, to have thee other.
 But thou wilt know what harrows up my Heart!
 Thou art my Wife——nay, thou art yet my Bride!
 The sacred Union of connubial Love
 Yet unaccomplish'd; his mysterious Rites
 Delay'd; nor has our Hymeneal Torch
 Yet lighted up his last most grateful Sacrifice;
 But dash'd with Rain from Eyes, and swail'd with Sighs,
 Burns dim, and glimmers with expiring Light.
 Is this dark Cell a Temple for that God?
 Or this vile Earth an Altar for such Off'rings?
 This Den for Slaves, this Dungeon damp'd with Woes;
 Is this our Marriage Bed! Are these our Joys!
 Is this to call thee mine? O hold my Heart
 To call thee mine? Yes, thus, ev'n thus, to call
 Thee mine, were Comfort, Joy, extreamest Ecstasie.
 But O thou art not mine, not ev'n in Misery;
 And 'tis deny'd to me to be so bless'd,
 As to be wretched with thee.

Alme. No; not that

The extreamest Malice of our Fate can hinder:
 That still is left us, and on that we'll feed,
 As on the Leavings of Calamity.
 There we will feast, and smile on past Distress,
 And hug in Scorn of it our mutual Ruin.

Osm. O thou dost talk, my Love, as one resolv'd,
 Because not knowing Danger. But look forward;
 Think on to-morrow, when thou shalt be torn
 From these weak, struggling, unextended Arms;
 Think how my Heart will heave, and Eyes will strain,
 To grasp and reach what is deny'd my Hands:
 Think how the Blood will start, and Tears will gush
 To follow thee, my separating Soul.
 Think how I am, when thou shalt wed with Garcia!
 Then will I smear these Walls with Blood, disfigure
 And dash my Face, and rive my clotted Hair.
 Break on the flinty Floor my throbbing Breast,
 And grovel with pain'd Hands to scratch a Grave,
 Stripping my Nails, to rear this Pavement up,
 And bury me alive.

Alme. Heart-breaking Horror!

Osm. Then Garcia shall lie panting on thy Bosom,
 Luxurious, revelling amidst thy Charms;
 And thou per-force must yield, and aid his Transport.
 Hell! Hell! Have I not Cause to rage and rave?
 What are all Racks, and Wheels, and Whips to this?
 Are they not soothing Softness, sinking Ease,

And

And wafting Air to this? O my *Almeria*!
What do the damn'd endure, but to despair,
But knowing Heaven, to know it lost for ever?

Alme. O, I am struck; thy Words are Bolts of Ice,
Which shot into my Breast, now melt and chill me,
I chatter, shake, and faint with thrilling Fears.
No, hold me not——O, let us not support,
But sink each other, deeper yet, down, down,
Where levell'd low, no more we'll lift our Eyes,
But prone, and dumb, rot the firm Face of Earth
With Rivers of incessant scalding Rain.

SCENE VII.

Zara, Perez, Selim, Osmy, Almeria.

Zar. Somewhat of Weight to me requires his Freedom.
Dare you dispute the King's Command? Behold
The Royal Signet.

Per. I obey; yet beg
Your Majesty one Moment to defer
Your entering, 'till the Princess is return'd
From visiting the noble Prisoner.

Zar. Ha!——What say'st thou?

Osmy. We are lost! undone! discover'd!
Retire, my Life, with Speed——Alas, we're seen:
Speak of Compassion, let her hear you speak
Of interceeding for me with the King;
Say somewhat quickly to conceal our Loves,
If possible——*Alme.*——I cannot speak.

Osmy. Let me
Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her,
But 'till she's gone; then bless me thus again.

Zar. Trembling and weeping as he leads her forth!
Confusion in his Face, and Grief in hers!
'Tis plain I've been abus'd——Death and Destruction!
How shall I search into this Mystery!
The bluest Blast of pestilential Air
Strike, damp, deaden her Charms, and kill his Eyes;
Perdition catch 'em both, and Ruin part 'em.

Osmy. This Chanty to one unknown, and thus;
[*Aloud to Almeria as she goes out.*]
Distress'd, Heaven will repay; all Thanks are poor.

SCENE VIII.

Zara, Selim, Osmy.

Zar. Damn'd, damn'd Dissembler! Yet I will be calm,
Choak in my Rage, and know the utmost Depth
Of this Deceiver——You seem much surpris'd.

Osm. At your Return so soon and unexpected!

Zar. And so unwish'd, unwanted too it seems.

Confusion! yet I will contain my self.

Your grown a Favourite since last we parted;

Perhaps I'm saucy and intruding—

Osm. —Madam!

Zar. I did not know the Princess' Favourite;
Your Pardon, Sir—mistake me not; you think
I'm angry; you're deciv'd. I came to set
You free, but shall return much better pleas'd,
To find you have an Interest superior.

Osm. You do not come to mock my Miseries?

Zar. I do.

Osm. I could at this Time spare your Mirth.

Zar. I know thou cou'dst; but I'm not often pleas'd,
And will indulge it now. What Miseries?
Who wou'd not be thus happily confin'd,
To be the Care of weeping Majesty?
To have contending Queens, at dead of Night,
Forfake their Down, to wake with watry Eyes,
And watch like Tapers o'er your Hours of Rest.
O Curse! I cannot hold.—

Osm. Come, 'tis too much.

Zar. Villain!

Osm. How, Madam!

Zar. Thou shalt die.

Osm. I thank you.

Zar. Thou ly'st; for now I know for whom thou'dst live.

Osm. Then you may know for whom I'd die.

Zar. Hell! Hell!

Yet I'll be calm—Dark and unknown Betrayer!
But now the Dawn begins, and the slow Hand
Of Fate is stretch'd to draw the Veil, and leave
Thee bare, the naked Mark of publick View.

Osm. You may be still deceiv'd, 'tis in my Power.

Zar. Who waits there? As you'll answer it, look, this Slave

[To the Guard.

Attempt no Means to make himself away.
I've been deceiv'd. The Publick Safety now
Requires he should be more confin'd, and none,
No, not the Princess suffer'd or to see,
Or speak with him. I'll quit you to the King,
Vile and ingrate! too late thou shalt repent
The base Injustice thou hast done my Love:
Yes, thou shalt know, spite of thy past Distress,
And all those Ills which thou so long hast mourn'd;
Heav'n has no Rage, like Love to Hatred turn'd;
Nor Hell a Fury, like a Woman scorn'd.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

Zara, Selim.

Zar. **T**HOU hast already rack'd me with thy Stay,
Therefore require me not to ask thee twice:
Reply at once to all. What is concluded?

Sel. Your Accusation highly has incens'd
The King, and were alone enough to urge
The Fate of *Osmyn*; but to that, fresh News
Is since arriv'd, of more revolted Troops.
'Tis certain *Heli* too is fled, and with him
(Which breeds Amazement and Distraction) some
Who bore high Offices of Weight and Trust,
Both in the State and Army. This confirms
The King, in full Belief of all you told him,
Concerning *Osmyn*, and his Correspondence
With them who first began the Mutiny.
Wherefore a Warrant for his Death is sign'd;
And Order given for publick Execution.

Zar. Ha! haste thee! fly, prevent his Fate and mine;
Find out the King, tell him I have of Weight
More than his Crown t'impart e'er *Osmyn* die.

Sel. It needs not, for the King will strait be here,
And as to your Revenge, not his own Int'rest,
Pretend to sacrifice the Life of *Osmyn*.

Zar. What shall I say? Invent, contrive, advise
Somewhat to blind the King, and save his Life
In whom I live. Spite of my Rage and Pride,
I am a Woman and a Lover still.

O! 'tis more Grief but to suppose his Death,
Than still to meet the Rigour of his Scorn.
From my Despair my Anger had its Source;
When he is dead, I must despair for ever.

For ever! that's Despair—it was Distrust
Before; Distrust will ever be in Love,
And Anger in Distrust, both short-liv'd Pains.
But in Despair, and ever-during Death,
No Term, no Bound, but Infinite of Woe.

O Torment, but to think! what then to bear?
Not to be borne—Devise the Means to shun it,
Quick; or, by Heav'n, this Dagger drinks thy Blood.

Sel. My Life is yours, nor wish I to preserve it,
But to serve you. I have already thought.

Zar. Forgive my Rage; I know thy Love and Truth.
But say, what's to be done; or when, or how
Shall I prevent, or stop th'approaching Danger?

Sel. You

Sel. You must still seem more resolute and fix'd
On *Osmyn's* Death; too quick a Change of Mercy
Might breed Suspicion of the Cause. Advise
That Execution may be done in private.

Zar. On what Pretence?

Sel. Your own Request's enough.

However, for a Colour, tell him, you
Have Cause to fear his Guards may be corrupted,
And some of them bought off to *Osmyn's* Interest,
Who, at the Place of Execution, will
Attempt to force his Way for an Escape.
The State of Things will countenance all Suspicions.
Then offer to the King to have him strangled
In secret by your Mutes; and get an Order,
That none but Mutes may have Admittance to him.
I can no more, the King is here. Obtain
This Grant—and I'll acquaint you with the rest.

SCENE II.

King, Gonzalez, Perez, Zara, Selim.

King. Bear to the Dungeon those rebellious Slaves,
Th' ignoble Curs, that yelp to fill the Cry,
And spend their Mouths in barking Tyranny.
But for their Leaders, *Sancho* and *Ramirez*,
Let 'em be led away to present Death.

Perez, see it perform'd.

Gon. Might I presume,
Their Execution better were deferr'd,
Till *Osmyn* die. Mean time we may learn more
Of this Conspiracy.

King. Then be it so.

Stay, Soldier; they shall suffer with the *Moor*.
Are none return'd of those who follow'd *Heli*?

Gon. None, Sir. Some Papers have been since discover'd
In *Roderigo's* House, who fled with him,
Which seem to intimate, as if *Alphonso*
Were still alive, and arming in *Valentia*.
Which wears indeed this Colour of a Truth,
They who are fled have that Way bent their Course.
Of the same nature divers Notes have been
Dispers'd, t' amuse the People; whereupon
Some ready of Belief have rais'd this Rumour:
That being sav'd upon the Coast of *Africk*,
He there disclos'd himself to *Albucacim*,
And by a secret Compact made with him,
Open'd, and urg'd the Way to this Invasion;
While he himself, returning to *Valentia*
In private, undertook to raise this Tumult.

Zar. Ha!

Zar. Ha! hear'st thou that? Is *Osmyn* then *Alphonso*?
O Heaven! a thousand things occur at once
To my Remembrance now, that make it plain.
O certain Death for him, as sure Despair
For me, if it be known——If not, what Hope
Have I? Yet 'twere the lowest Baseness, now
To yield him up——No, I will still conceal him,
And try the Force of yet more Obligations.

Gon. 'Tis not impossible. Yet it may be
That some Impostor has usurp'd his Name.
Your beauteous Captive, *Zara*, can inform,
If such a one, so 'scaping, was receiv'd,
At any time, in *Albutacim*'s Court.

King. Pardon, fair Excellence, this long Neglect:
An unforeseen, unwelcome Hour of Business,
Has thrust between us and our while of Love;
But wearing now apace with ebbing Sand,
Will quickly waste, and give again the Day.

Zar. You're too secure; the Danger is more imminent
Than your high Courage suffers you to see;
While *Osmyn* lives, you are not safe.

King. His Doom
Is pass'd; if you revoke it not, he dies.

Zar. 'Tis well. By what I heard upon your Entrance,
I find I can unfold what yet concerns
You more. One who did call himself *Alphonso*
Was cast upon my Coast, as is reported,
And oft had private Conference with the King;
To what Effect I knew not then: But he,
Alphonso, secretly departed, just
About the time our Arms embark'd for *Spain*.
What I know more is, that a triple League
Of strictest Friendship, was profess'd between
Alphonso, *Heli*, and the Traitor *Osmyn*.

King. Publick Report is rarify'd in this.

Zar. And *Osmyn*'s Death requir'd of strong Necessity.

King. Give Order strait that all the Pris'ners die.

Zar. Forbear a Moment; somewhat more I have
Worthy your private Ear, and this your Minister.

King. Let all, except *Gonsalez*, leave the Room.

SCENE III.

King, Gonsalez, Zara, Selim.

Zar. I am your Captive, and you've us'd me nobly;
And in Return of that, tho' otherwise
Your Enemy, I have discover'd *Osmyn*
His private Practice and Conspiracy

Against

Against your State: And fully to discharge
My self of what I've undertaken, now
I think it fit to tell you, that your Guards
Are tainted; some among 'em have resolv'd
To rescue *Osmyn* at the Place of Death.

King. Is Treason then so near us as our Guards!

Zar. Most certain; tho' my Knowledge is not yet
So ripe, to point at the particular Men.

King. What's to be done?

Zar. That too I will advise.

I have remaining in my Train some Mutes,
A Present once from the *Sultana* Queen,
In the *Grand Seignior's* Court. These from their Infancy,
Are practis'd in the Trade of Death; and shall
(As there the Custom is) in private strangle
Osmyn.

Gon. My Lord, the Queen advises well.

King. What Off'ring, or what Recompence remains
In me, that can be worthy so great Services?
To cast beneath your Feet the Crown you've sav'd,
Tho' on the Head that wears it, were too little.

Zar. Of that hereafter; but, mean time, 'tis fit
You give strict Charge, that none may be admitted
To see the Pris'ner, but such Mutes as I
Shall send.

King. Who waits there?

S C E N E IV.

King, Gonzalez, Zara, Selim, Perez.

King. On your Life take heed,
That none but *Zara's* Mutes, or such who bring
Her Warrant, have Admittance to the *Moor*.

Zar. They and no other, not the Princess' self.

Per. Your Majesty shall be obey'd.

King. Retire.

S C E N E V.

King, Gonzalez, Zara, Selim.

Gon. That Interdiction so particular,
Pronounc'd with Vehemence against the Princess,
Shou'd have more Meaning than appears bare-fac'd.
The King is blinded by his Love, and heeds
It not—Your Majesty sure might have spar'd
That last Restraint; you hardly can suspect
The Princess is Confederate with the *Moor*.

Zar. I've heard her Charity did once extend
So far, to visit him, at his Request.

Gon. Ha!

King. How? She visit *Osmyn*? What, my Daughter?

Sel. Madam, take heed, or you have ruin'd all.

Zar. And

Zar. And after did solicit you on his
Behalf—— *King.* Never. You have been mis-inform'd.

Zar. Indeed? Then 'twas a Whisper spread by some,
Who wish'd it so; a common Art in Courts.
I will retire, and instantly prepare
Instruction for my Ministers of Death.

S C E N E VI.

King, Gonzalez.

Gon. There's somewhat yet of Mystery in this;
Her Words and Actions are obscure and double,
Sometimes concur, and sometimes disagree;
I like it not.

King. What dost thou think, *Gonzalez*;
Are we not much indebted to this Fair One?

Gon. I am a little slow of Credit, Sir,
In the Sincerity of Womens Actions.
Methinks this Lady's Hatred to the *Moor*
Disquiets her too much; which makes it seem
As if she'd rather that she did not hate him.
I wish her Mutes are meant to be employ'd
As she pretends—I doubt it now—Your Guards
Corrupted; how? By whom? Who told her so?
I'th' Evening *Osmyn* was do die; at Midnight
She begg'd the Royal Signet to release him;
I'th' Morning he must die again; e'er Noon
Her Mutes alone must strangle him, or he'll
Escape. This, put together, suits not well.

King. Yet, that there's Truth in what she has discover'd,
Is manifest from every Circumstance.
This Tumult, and the Lords that went with *Heli*,
Are Confirmation—that *Alphonso* lives,
Agrees expressly too with her Report.

Gon. I grant it, Sir; and doubt not, but in Rage
Of Jealousy, she has discover'd what
She now repents. It may be I'm deceiv'd.
But why that needless Caution of the Princess?
What if she had seen *Osmyn*? tho' 'twere strange.
But if she had, what was't to her? unless
She fear'd her stronger Charms might cause the *Moor's*
Affection to revolt.

King. I thank thee, Friend.
There's Reason in thy Doubt, and I am warn'd.
But think'st thou that my Daughter saw this *Moor*?

Gon. If *Osmyn* be, as *Zara* has related,
Alphonso's Friend; 'tis not impossible,
But she might wish on his Account to see him.

F

King. Say't

King. Say'st thou? By Heaven thou hast rouz'd a Thought,
That like a sudden Earthquake shakes my Frame;
Confusion! then my Daughter's an Accomplice,
And plots in private with this hellish Moor.

Gon. That were too hard a Thought—but see she comes.
'Twere not amiss to question her a little,
And try howe'er, if I've divin'd aright.
If what I fear be true, she'll be concern'd
For *Osmyn's* Death, as he's *Alphonso's* Friend.
Urge that, to try if she'll solicit for him.

S C E N E VII.

King, Gonzalez, Almeria, Leonora.

King. Your coming has prevented me, *Almeria*;
I had determin'd to have sent for you.
Let your Attendant be dismiss'd; I have [Leonora retires.
To talk with you. Come near; why dost thou shake?
What mean those swollen and red-fleck'd Eyes, that look
As they had wept in Blood, and worn the Night
In waking Anguish? Why this, on the Day
Which was design'd to celebrate thy Nuptials:
But that the Beams of Light are to be stain'd
With reeking Gore, from Traitors on the Rack?
Wherefore I have deferr'd the Marriage-Rites,
Nor shall the guilty Horrors of this Day
Profane that Jubilee.

Alme. All Days to me
Henceforth are equal; this the Day of Death,
To-Morrow, and the next, and each that follows
Will undistinguish'd roll, and but prolong
One hated Line of more extended Woe.

King. Whence is thy Grief? Give me to know the Cause,
And look thou answer me with Truth; for know,
I am not unacquainted with your Falshood.

Why art thou mute? base and degenerate Maid!

Gon. Dear Madam, speak, or you'll incense the King.

Alme. What is't to speak? or wherefore should I speak?
What mean these Tears, but Grief unutterable?

King. They are the dumb Confessions of thy Mind;
They mean thy Guilt; and say thou wert Confed'rate
With damn'd Conspirators to take my Life.
O impious Parricide! now can'st thou speak?

Alme. O Earth, behold, I kneel upon thy Bosom,
And bend my flowing Eyes, to stream upon
Thy Face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield;
Open thy Bowels of Compassion, take
Into thy Womb the last and most forlorn

Of all thy Race. Hear me, thou common Parent;
 —I have no Parent else—be thou a Mother,
 And step between me and the Curse of him,
 Who was—who was, but is no more a Father,
 But brands my Innocence with horrid Crimes;
 And for the tender Names of Child and Daughter,
 Now calls me Murderer and Parricide.

King. Rise, I command thee rise—and if thou woud'st
 Acquit thy self of those detested Names,
 Swear thou hast never seen that foreign Dog,
 Now doom'd to die, that most accursed *Osmyn*.

Alme. Never, but as with Innocence I might,
 And free from all bad Purposes. So Heav'n's
 My Witness.

King. Vile equivocating Wretch!
 With Innocence? O Patience! Hear—she owns it!
 Confesses it! By Heaven, I'll have him rack'd,
 Torn, mangled, flay'd, impal'd—all Pains and Tortures
 That Wit of Man and dire Revenge can think,
 Shall he accumulated under-bear.

Alme. Oh! I am lost—there Fate begins to wound.

King. Hear me, then; if thou can'st, reply; know, Traitors,
 I'm not to learn that curs'd *Alphonso* lives;
 Nor am I ignorant what *Osmyn* is—

Alme. Then all is ended, and we both must die,
 Since thou'rt reveal'd, alone thou shalt not die.
 And yet alone would I have dy'd, Heav'n knows,
 Repeated Deaths, rather than have reveal'd thee.
 Yes, all my Father's wounding Wrath, tho' each
 Reproach cuts deeper than the keenest Sword,
 And cleaves my Heart; I would have borne it all,
 Nay, all the Pains that are prepar'd for thee:
 To the remorseless Rack I would have giv'n
 This weak and tender Flesh, to have been bruise'd
 And torn, rather than have reveal'd thy Being.

King. Hell, Hell! do I hear this, and yet endure!
 What, dar'st thou to my Face avow thy Guilt?
 Hence, e'er I curse—fly my just Rage with Speed;
 Lest I forget us both, and spurn thee from me.

Alme. And yet a Father! think I am your Child.
 Turn not your Eyes away—look on me kneeling;
 Now curse me, if you can, now spurn me off.
 Did ever Father curse his kneeling Child!
 Never: For always Blessings crown that Posture.
 Nature inclines, and half-way meets that Duty,
 Stooping to raise from Earth the filial Reverence;
 For bending Knees, returning folding Arms,

The MOURNING BRIDE.

With Pray'rs, and Blessings, and paternal Love,
O hear me then thus crawling on the Earth——

King. Be thou advis'd, and let me go while yet
The light Impression thou hast made remains.

Alme. No, never will I rise, nor loose my Hold,
'Till you are mov'd, and grant that he may live.

King. Ha! who may live? take Heed, no more of that;
For on my Soul he dies, tho' thou, and I,
And all should follow to partake his Doom.
Away, off, let me go——Call her Attendants.

[*Leonora and Women return.*]

Alme. Drag me, harrow the Earth with my bare Bosom,
I'll not let go till you have spar'd my Husband.

King. Ha! what say'st thou? Husband! Husband! Damnation!
What Husband? Which? Who?

Alme. He, he is my Husband.

King. Poison and Daggers! who?

Alme. O——

[*Faints.*]

Gon. Help, support her.

Alme. Let me go, let me fall, sink deep—— I'll dig,
I'll dig a Grave, and tear up Death; I will;
I'll scrape 'till I collect his rotten Bones,
And cloath their Nakedness with my own Flesh;
Yes, I will strip off Life, and we will change:
I will be Death; then, tho' you kill my Husband,
He shall be mine, still and for ever mine.

King. What Husband? Who? Whom dost thou mean?

Gon. She raves!

Alme. O that I did. *Osmyr*, he is my Husband.

King. *Osmyr*!

Alme. Not *Osmyr*, but *Alphonso* is my dear
And wedded Husband——Heav'n, and Air, and Seas,
Ye Winds and Waves, I call ye all to witness.

King. Wilder than Winds or Waves thy self dost rave.
Shou'd I hear more, I too should catch thy Madness.
Yet somewhat she must mean of dire Import,
Which I'll not hear, 'till I am more at Peace.
Watch her returning Sense, and bring me Word:
And look that she attempt not on her Life.

S C E N E VIII.

Almeria, Gonzalez, Leonora, Attendants.

Alme. O stay, yet stay; hear me, I am not mad.
I wou'd to Heav'n I were——He's gone.

Gon. Have Comfort.

Alme. Curs'd be that Tongue, that bids me be of Comfort;
Curs'd my own Tongue, that could not move his Pity;
Curs'd

Curs'd these weak Hands that could not hold him here;
For he is gone to doom *Alphonso's* Death.

Gon. Your too excessive Grief works on your Fancy,
And deludes your Sense. *Alphonso*, if living,
Is far from hence, beyond your Father's Power.

Alm. Hence, thou detested, ill-tim'd Flatterer;
Source of my Woes, thou and thy Race be curs'd;
But doubly thou, who cou'dst alone have Policy
And Fraud, to find the fatal Secret out,
And know that *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*. *Gon.* Ha!

Alme. Why dost thou start? what dost thou see or hear?
Was it the doleful Bell, tolling for Death?
Or dying Groans from my *Alphonso's* Breast?
See, see, look yonder! where a grizled, pale,
And ghastly Head glares by, all smear'd with Blood,
Gasping as it wou'd speak; and after, see!
Behold a damp dead Hand has dropp'd a Dagger:
I'll catch it—Hark! a Voice cries Murder! ah!
My Father's Voice! hollow it sounds, and calls
Me from the Tomb—I'll follow it; for there
I shall again behold my dear *Alphonso*.

S C E N E IX.

Gon. [*Alone.*] She's greatly griev'd; nor am I less surpriz'd.
Osmyn *Alphonso*! no; she over-rates
My Policy: I ne'er suspected it:
Nor now had known it, but from her Mistake.
Her Husband too! Ha! Where is *Garcia* then?
And where the Crown that should descend on him,
To grace the Line of my Posterity?
Hold, let me think—If I should tell the King—
Things come to this Extremity? his Daughter
Wedded already—what if he should yield?
Knowing no Remedy for what is past;
And urg'd by Nature pleading for his Child,
With which he seems to be already shaken.
And tho' I know he hates beyond the Grave
Anselmo's Race; yet if—that If concludes me.
To doubt, when I may be assur'd, is Folly.
But how prevent the Captive Queen, who means
To set him free? Ay, now 'tis plain: O well
Invented Tale! He was *Alphonso's* Friend.
This subtle Woman will amuse the King,
If I delay—'twill do—or better so.
One to my Wish. *Alonzo*, thou art welcome.

S C E N E X.

Gonsalez, *Alonzo*.

Alon. The King expects your Lordship.

Gon. 'Tis

Gon. 'Tis no Matter.

I'm not i'th' Way at present, good *Alonzo*.

Alon. If't please your Lordship, I'll return, and say
I have not seen you.

Gon. Do, my best *Alonzo*.

Yet stay, I would——but go; anon will serve——

Yet I have that requires thy speedy Help.

I think thou wou'dst not stop to do me Service.

Alon. I am your Creature.

Gon. Say thou art my Friend.

I've seen thy Sword do noble Execution.

Alon. All that it can your Lordship shall command.

Gon. Thanks; and I take thee at thy Word. Thou'st seen,
Among the Followers of the Captive Queen
Dumb Men, who make their Meaning known by Signs.

Alon. I have, my Lord.

Gon. Coud'st thou procure, with Speed
And Privacy, the wearing Garb of one
Of those, tho' purchas'd by his Death, I'd give
Thee such Reward, as should exceed thy Wish.

Alon. Conclude it done. Where shall I meet your Lordship?

Gon. At my Apartment. Use thy utmost Diligence;
And say, I've not been seen——Haste, good *Alonzo*.
So, this can hardly fail. *Alphonso* slain,
The greatest Obstacle is then remov'd.

Almeria widow'd, yet again may wed;
And I yet fix the Crown on *Garcia's* Head.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

King, Perez, Alonzo.

King. NOT to be found? In an ill Hour he's absent.
None, say you, none? What, not the Fav'rite Eunuch!
Nor she her self, nor any of her Mutes,
Have yet requir'd Admittance? *Per.* None, my Lord.

King. Is *Osmyr* so dispos'd as I commanded?

Per. Fast bound in double Chains, and at full length
He lies supine on Earth; with as much Ease
She might remove the Centre of this Earth,
As loose the Rivets of his Bonds.

King. 'Tis well. [*A Mute appears, and seeing the King, retires.*
Ha! stop and seize that Mute; *Alonzo*, follow him.
Ent'ring he met my Eyes, and started back,
Frighted, and fumbling one Hand in his Bosom,
As to conceal th' Importance of his Errand.

[*Alonzo follows him, and returns with a Paper.*

Alon. O

Alon. O bloody Proof of obstinate Fidelity!

King. What dost thou mean?

Alon. Soon as I seiz'd the Man,
He snatch'd from out his Bosom this—and strove
With rash and greedy Haste, at once to cram
The Morsel down his Throat. I catch'd his Arm,
And hardly wrench'd his Hand, to wring it from him;
Which done, he drew his Ponyard from his Side,
And on the Instant plung'd it in his Breast.

King. Remove the Body thence, e'er Zara see it.

Alon. I'll be so bold to borrow his Attire;
'Twill quit me of my Promise to *Gonsalez*.

SCENE II.

King, Perez.

Per. Whate'er it is, the King's Completion turns.

King. How's this? My Mortal Foe beneath my Roof!
[Having read the Letter.]

O give me Patience, all ye Powers! no, rather
Give me new Rage, implacable Revenge,
And trebled Fury—Ha! who's there? *Per.* My Lord.

King. Hence, Slave! how dar'st thou 'bide, to watch and pry
Into how poor a thing a King descends;
How like thy self when Passion treads him down?
Ha! stir not, on thy Life: For thou wert fix'd,
And planted here to see me gorge this Bait,
And lash against the Hook—By Heav'n, you're all
Rank Traitors; thou art with the rest combin'd;
Thou knew'st that *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*, knew'st
My Daughter privately with him conferr'd;
And wert the Spy and Pander to their Meeting.

Per. By all that's holy, I'm amaz'd—

King. Thou ly'st.

Thou art Accomplice too with *Zara*; here
Where she sets down—*Still will I set thee free—* [Reading.
That somewhere is repeated—I have Power
O'er them that are thy Guards—Mark that, thou Traitor.

Per. It was your Majesty's Command, I should
Obey her Order—

King. [Reading.] —And still will I set
Thee free, *Alphonso*—Hell! curs'd, curs'd *Alphonso*!
False and perfidious *Zara*! Strumpet Daughter!
Away, be gone, thou feeble Boy, fond Love,
All Nature, Softness, Pity and Compassion,
This Hour I throw ye off, and entertain
Fell Hate within my Breast, Revenge and Gall.
By Heav'n I'll meet, and counterwork this Treachery.
Hark thee, Villain, Traitor—answer me, Slave. *Per.* My

Per. My Service has not merited those Titles.

King. Dar'st thou reply? Take that—thy Service? thine?

[*Strikes him.*]

What's thy whole Life, thy Soul, thy All, to my
One Moment's Ease? Hear my Command; and look
That thou obey, or Horror on thy Head.

Drench me thy Dagger in *Alphonso's* Heart.

Why dost thou start? Resolve, or— *Per.* —Sir, I will.

King. 'Tis well—that when she comes to set him free,
His Teeth may grin, and mock at her Remorse. [*Perez going.*]

—Stay, thee—I've farther thought—I'll add to this,

And give her Eyes yet greater Disappointment:

When thou hast ended him, bring me his Robe;

And let the Cell where she'll expect to see him

Be darken'd, so as to amuse the Sight.

I'll be conducted thither—mark me well—

There with his Turbant, and his Robe array'd,

And laid along as he now lies supine,

I shall convict her to her Face of Falshood.

When for *Alphonso's* she shall take my Hand,

And breathe her Sighs upon my Lips for his,

Sudden I'll start, and dash her with her Guilt.

But see, she comes; I'll shun th' Encounter; thou

Follow me, and give Heed to my Direction.

SCENE III.

Zara, Selim.

Zar. The Mute not yet return'd! ha, 'twas the King!

The King that parted hence! frowning he went;

His Eyes like Meteors roll'd, then darted down

Their red and angry Beams; as if his Sight

Would, like the raging Dog-star, scorch the Earth,

And kindle Ruin in its Course. Dost think

He saw me?

Sel. Yes: But then, as if he thought

His Eyes had err'd, he hastily recall'd

Th' imperfect Look, and sternly turn'd away.

Zar. Shun me when seen! I fear thou hast undone me.

Thy shallow Artifice begets Suspicion,

And, like a Cobweb-Veil, but thinly shades

The Face of thy Design; alone disguising

What should have ne'er been seen; imperfect Mischief!

Thou, like the Adder, venomous and deaf,

Hast stung the Traveller; and after, hear'st

Not his pursuing Voice; ev'n when thou think'st

To hide, the rustling Leaves and bended Grass

Confess, and point the Path which thou hast crept.

O Fate

O Fate of Fools! officious in contriving;
In executing puzzled, lame and lost.

Sel. Avert it, Heav'n! that you should ever suffer
For my Defect; or that the Means which I
Devis'd to serve should ruin your Design!
Prescience is Heav'n's alone, not giv'n to Man.
If I have fail'd in what, as being Man,
I needs must fail; impute not as a Crime
My Nature's Want, but punish Nature in me:
I plead not for a Pardon and to live,
But to be punish'd and forgiven. Here, strike;
I bare my Breast to meet your just Revenge.

Zar. I have not Leisure now to take so poor
A Forfeit as thy Life: Somewhat of high
And more important Fate requires my Thought.
When I've concluded on my Self, If I
Think fit, I'll leave thee my Command to die.
Regard me well; and dare not to reply
To what I give in Charge; for I'm resolv'd.
Give Order, that the two remaining Mutes
Attend me instantly, with each a Bowl
Of such Ingredients mix'd, as will with Speed
Benum the living Faculties, and give
Most easy and inevitable Death.
Yes, *Osmyn*, yes; be *Osmyn* or *Alphonso*,
I'll give thee Freedom, if thou dar'st be free:
Such Liberty as I embrace my self,
Thou shalt partake. Since Fates no more afford,
I can but die with thee to keep my Word.

S C E N E IV.

S C E N E opening, *shews the Prison.*

Gonzalez alone, disguis'd like a Mute, with a Dagger.

Gon. Nor Centinel, nor Guard! the Doors unbar'd!
And all is still, as at the Noon of Night!
Sure Death already has been busie here.
There lies my Way, that Door too is unlock'd. [Looks in.
Ha! sure he sleeps—all's dark within, save what
A Lamp, that feebly lifts a sickly Flame,
By Fits reveals—his Face seems turn'd, to favour
Th' Attempt: I'll steal, and do it unperceiv'd.
What Noise! some Body coming? 't's *Alonzo*?
No Body? Sure he'll wait without—I would
'Twere done—I'll crawl, and sting him to the Heart:
Then cast my Skin, and leave it there to answer it.

[Goes in.

THE MOURNING BRIDE.

SCENE V.

Garcia, Alonzo.

Gar. Where? where, Alonzo? where's my Father? where
The King? Confusion! all is on the Rout!
All's lost, all ruin'd by Surprize and Treachery.
Where, where is he? Why dost thou mislead me?

Alon. My Lord, he enter'd but a Moment since,
And cou'd not pass me unperceiv'd——What ho!
My Lord, my Lord, what, ho! My Lord Gonfalez!

SCENE VI.

Garcia, Alonzo, Gonfalez bloody.

Gon. Perdition choke your Clamours——whence this Rudeness?
Garcia!

Gar. Perdition, Slavery and Death,
Are entering now our Doors. Where is the King?
What means this Blood? and why this Face of Horror?

Gon. No Matter,——give me first to know the Cause
Of these your rash and ill-tim'd Exclamations.

Gar. The Eastern Gate is to the Foe betray'd,
Who, but for Heaps of Slain, that choke'd the Passage,
Had enter'd long e'er now, and borne down all
Before 'em, to the Palace Walls. Unless
The King in Person animate our Men,
Granada's lost; and to confirm this Fear,
The Traitor Perez, and the Captive Moor,
Are thro' a Postern fled, and join the Foe.

Gon. Wou'd all were false as that; for whom you call
The Moor, is dead. That Osmyrn was Alphonso;
In whose Heart's Blood this Ponyard yet is warm.

Gar. Impossible; for Osmyrn was, while flying,
Pronounc'd aloud by Perez for Alphonso.

Gon. Enter that Chamber, and convince your Eyes,
How much Report has wrong'd your easy Faith. [Garcia goes in.

Alon. My Lord, for certain Truth Perez is fled;
And has declar'd the Cause of his Revolt,
Was to revenge a Blow the King had giv'n him.

Gar. [Returning.] Ruin and Horror! O Heart-wounding Sight!

Gon. What says my Son? what Ruin? ha? what Horror?

Gar. Blasted my Eyes, and speechless be my Tongue,
Rather than or to see, or to relate
This Deed——O dire Mistake! O fatal Blow!
The King——

Gon. Alon. The King!

Gar. Dead, weltring, drown'd in Blood.
See, see, attir'd like Osmyrn, where he lies. [They look in.
O whence,

O whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the Manner, or the Cause?
Nothing remains to do, or to require,
But that we all should turn our Swords against
Our selves, and expiate with our own his Blood.

Gon. O Wretch! O curs'd, and rash deluded Fool!
On me, on me, turn your avenging Sword.
I who have spilt my Royal Master's Blood,
Shou'd make Attonement by a Death as horrid,
And fall beneath the Hand of my own Son.

Gar. Ha! what? attone this Murder with a greater!
The Horror of that Thought has damp'd my Rage.
The Earth already groans to bear this Deed;
Oppress her not, nor think to stain her Face
With more unnatural Blood. Murder my Father?
Better with this to rip up my own Bowels,
And bathe it to the Hilt, is far less damnable
Self-Murder.

Gon. O my Son! from the blind Dotage
Of a Father's Fondness these Ills arose;
For thee I've been ambitious, base, and bloody:
For thee I've plung'd into this Sea of Sin;
Stemming the Tide with only one weak Hand,
While t'other bore the Crown (to wreathe thy Brow)
Whose Weight has sunk me e'er I reach the Shore.

Gar. Fatal Ambition! Hark! the Foe is enter'd: [Shout.
The Shri!ness of that Shout speaks 'em at Hand.
We have no Time to search into the Cause
Of this surprizing and most fatal Error.
What's to be done? the King's Death known, will strike
The few remaining Soldiers with Despair,
And make 'em yield to Mercy of the Conqueror.

Alon. My Lord, I've thought how to conceal the Body;
Require me not to tell the Means, 'till done,
Lest you forbid what then you may approve. [Goes in. Shout.

Gon. They shout again! What'er he means to do,
'Twere fit the Soldiers were amus'd with Hopes:
And in the mean time fed with Expectation
To see the King in Person at their Head.

Gar. Were it a Truth, I fear 'tis now too late.
But I'll omit no Care nor Haste, to try
Or to repel their Force, or bravely die.

SCENE VII.

Gonzalez, Alonzo.

Gon. What hast thou done, Alonzo?

Alon. Such a Deed
As but an Hour ago I'd not have done,

Tho' for the Crown of universal Empire.
 But what are Kings reduc'd to common Clay?
 Or who can wound the Dead?—I've from the Body
 Sever'd the Head, and in an obscure Corner
 Dispos'd it, muffled in the Mute's Attire,
 Leaving to View of them that enter next,
 Alone the undistinguish'd Trunk:
 Which may be still mistaken by the Guards
 For *Osmyn*, if, in seeking for the King,
 They chance to find it.

Gon. 'Twas an Act of Horror;
 And of a Piece with this Day's dire Misdeeds.
 But 'tis no time to ponder or repent.
 Haste thee, *Alonzo*, haste thee hence with Speed,
 To aid my Son. I'll follow with the last
 Reserve, to re-inforce his Arms: At least,
 I shall make good, and shelter his Retreat.

SCENE VIII.

Zara, followed by Selim, and two Mutes bearing the Bowls.

Zar. Silence and Solitude is ev'ry where!
 Thro' all the gloomy Ways and Iron Doors
 That hither lead, nor human Face nor Voice
 Is seen or heard. A dreadful Din was wont
 To grate the Sense, when enter'd here; from Groans
 And Howls of Slaves condemn'd, from Clink of Chains,
 And Crash of rusty Bars and creaking Hinges:
 And ever and anon the Sight was dash'd
 With frightful Faces, and the meagre Looks
 Of grim and ghastly Executioners.
 Yet more this Stilness terrifies my Soul,
 Than did that Scene of complicated Horrors.
 It may be that the Cause of this my Errand
 And Purpose, being chang'd from Life to Death,
 Has also wrought this chilling Change of Temper.
 Or does my Heart bode more? what can it more
 Than Death?—

Let 'em set down the Bowls, and warn *Alphonso*
 That I am here—*sb.* You return and find [*Mutes going in.*]
 The King; tell him, what he requir'd, I've done,
 And wait his coming to approve the Deed.

SCENE IX.

Zara, and Mutes.

Zar. What have you seen? Ha! wherefore stare you thus
 [*The Mutes return, and look affrighted.*]
 With hagger'd Eyes? why are your Arms a-cross?

Your

Your heavy and desponding Heads hang down!
Why is't, you more than speak in these sad Signs?
Give me more ample Knowledge of this Mourning.

[They go to the Scene, which opening, she perceives the Body.]

Ha! prostrate! bloody? headless! O—I'm lost.
O *Osmyn*! O *Alphonso*! Cruel Fate!
Gruel, cruel, O more than killing Object!
I came prepar'd to die, and see thee die—
Nay, came prepar'd my self to give thee Death—
But cannot bear to find thee thus, my *Osmyn*.—
O this accurs'd, this base, this treach'rous King!

S C E N E X.

Zara, Selim.

Sel. I've sought in vain, for no where can the King
Be found—

Zar. Get thee to Hell, and seek him there. *[Stabs him.]*
His Hellish Rage had wanted Means to act,
But for thy fatal and pernicious Counsel.

Sel. You thought it better then—but I'm rewarded:
The Mute you sent, by some Mischance was seen,
And forc'd to yield your Letter with his Life:
I found the dead and bloody Body stripp'd—
My Tongue falters, and my Voice fails—I sink—
Drink not the Poison—for *Alphonso* is— *[Dies.]*

Zar. As thou art now—And I shall quickly be.
'Tis not that he is dead; for 'twas decreed
We both should die, Nor is't that I survive;
I have a certain Remedy for that,
But Oh, he dy'd unknowing in my Heart.
He knew I lov'd, but knew not to what Height:
Nor that I meant to fall before his Eyes,
A Martyr and a Victim to my Vows:
Insensible of this last Proof he's gone.
Yet Fate alone can rob his mortal Part
Of Sense: His Soul still sees, and knows each Purpose,
And fix'd Event of my persisting Faith.
Then, wherefore do I pause?—give me the Bowl

[A Mute kneels and gives one of the Bowls.]

Hover a Moment, yet, thou gentle Spirit,
Soul of my Love, and I will wait thy Flight.
This to our mutual Bliss when join'd above. *[Drinks.]*
O friendly Draught, already in my Heart.
Cold, cold; my Veins are Icicles and Frost.
I'll creep into his Bosom, lay me there;
Cover us close—or I shall chill his Breast,

And

And fright him from my Arms——See, see, he slides
Still further from me; look, he hides his Face.
I cannot feel it——quite beyond my reach.
O now he's gone, and all is dark——

[Dies.]

[The Mutes kneel and mourn over her.]

S C E N E XI.

Almeria, Leonora, Mutes, &c.

Alme. O let me seek him in this horrid Cell;
For in the Tomb, or Prison, I alone
Must hope to find him.

Leo. Heav'ns! what dismal Scene
Of Death is this? The Eunuch *Selim* slain!

Alme. Shew me, for I am come in Search of Death;
But want a Guide; for Tears have dimm'd my Sight.

Leo. Alas! a little farther, and behold
Zara all pale and dead! two frightful Men,
Who seem the Murderers, kneel weeping by:
Feeling Remorse too late for what they've done.
But O forbear——lift up your Eyes no more;
But haste away, fly from this fatal Place,
Where Miseries are multiply'd; return,
Return and look not on; for there's a Dagger
Ready to stab the Sight, and make your Eyes
Rain Blood.——

Alme. O I foreknew, foresee that Object.
Is it at last then so? Is he then dead?
What dead at last, quite, quite for ever dead?
There, there I see him; there he lies, the Blood
Yet bubbling from his Wounds——O more than Savage!
Had they, or Hearts, or Eyes, that did this Deed?
Could Eyes endure to guide such cruel Hands?
Are not my Eyes guilty alike with theirs,
That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to Stone?
——I do not weep! The Springs of Tears are dry'd;
And of a sudden I am calm, as if
All things were well; and yet my Husband's murder'd!
Yes, yes, I know to mourn! I'll sluice this Heart,
The Source of Woe, and let the Torrent loose.
——Those Men have left to weep! they look on me?
I hope they murder all on whom they look.
Behold me well; your bloody Hands have err'd,
And wrongfully have slain those Innocents:
I am the Sacrifice design'd to bleed,
And come prepar'd to yield my Throat——they shake
Their Heads, in Sign of Grief and Innocence!

[They point at the Bowl on the Ground.]

And point! what mean they? Ha! a Cup, O well

I under-

I understand what Medicine has been here.

O noble Thirst! yet greedy to drink all——

—Oh for another Draught of Death——What mean they?

[They point at the other Cup.]

Ha! point again? 'tis there, and full, I hope.

Thanks to the liberal Hand that fills thee thus;

I'll drink my glad Acknowledgment——

Leo. O hold

For Mercy's sake; upon my Knee I beg——

Alme. With thee the kneeling World should beg in vain.

Seest thou not there? behold who prostrate lies,

And pleads against thee: Who shall then prevail?

Yet I will take a cold and parting Leave

From his pale Lips; I'll kiss him, e'er I drink,

Lest the rank Juice shou'd blister on my Mouth,

And stain the Colour of my last Adieu.

Horror! a headless Trunk, nor Lips nor Face.

[Coming nearer the Body, starts and lets fall the Cup.]

But spouting Veins, and mangled Flesh: O, oh!

S C E N E *The Last.*

Almeria, Leonora, Alphonso, Heli, Perez; *with Garcia Prisoner, Guards and Attendants.*

Alphon. Away, stand off, where is she? let me fly,
Save her from Death; and snatch her to my Heart.

Alme. Oh!——

Alphon. Forbear; my Arms alone shall hold her up,
Warm her to Life, and wake her into Gladness.

O let me talk to thy reviving Sense,

The Words of Joy and Peace; warm thy cold Beauties

With the new-flushing Ardour of my Cheek;

Into thy Lips pour the soft trickling Balm

Of cordial Sighs; and reinspire thy Bosom

With the Breath of Love. Shine, awake, *Almeria,*

Give a new Birth to thy long-shaded Eyes,

Then double on the Day reflected Light.

Alme. Where am I? Heav'n! what does this Dream intend?

Alphon. O mayst thou never dream of less Delight,
Nor ever wake to less substantial Joys.

Alme. Giv'n me again from Death; O all the Pow'rs,
Confirm this Miracle! Can I believe

My Sight against my Sight? and shall I trust

That Sense, which in one Instant shews him dead

And living? Yes, I will; I've been abus'd

With Apparitions, and frightening Fantoms:

This is my Lord, my Life, my only Husband;

I have him now, and we no more will part.

My Father too shall have Compassion——

Alphon. O

Alphon. O my Heart's Comfort; 'tis not giv'n to this
 Frail Life, to be entirely blest. Even now,
 In this extreamest Joy my Soul can taste,
 Yet am I dash'd to think that thou must weep;
 Thy Father fell where he design'd my Death.
Gonsalez and *Alonzo*, both of Wounds
 Expiring, have with their last Breath confess'd
 The just Decrees of Heav'n, which on themselves
 Has turn'd their own most bloody Purposes.
 Nay, I must grant, 'tis fit you shou'd be thus— [*She weeps.*
 Let 'em remove the Body from her Sight.
 Ill-fated *Zara*! Ha! a Cup? Alas!
 Thy Error then is plain; but I were Flint
 Not to o'erflow in Tribute to thy Memory.
 O *Garcia*!—
 Whose Virtue has renounc'd thy Father's Crimes,
 Seest thou, how just the Hand of Heav'n has been?
 Let us who thro' our Innocence survive,
 Still in the Paths of Honour persevere,
 And not, from past or present Ill despair:
 For Blessings ever wait on Virtuous Deeds;
 And tho' a late, a sure Reward succeeds. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by *Mrs. Bracegirdle.*

THE Tragedy thus done, I am, you know,
 No more a Princess, but *in statu quo*:
 And now as unconcern'd this Mourning wear,
 As if indeed a Widow, or an Heir.
 I've Leisure now to mark your several Faces,
 And know each Critick by his sours Grimaces.
 To poison Plays, I see them where they sit,
 Scatter'd, like Ratsbane, up and down the Pit;
 While others watch like Parish-searchers, hir'd
 To tell of what Disease the Play expir'd.
 O with what Joy they run, to spread the News
 Of a damn'd Poet, and departed Muse!
 But if he 'scape, with what Regret they're
 seiz'd!
 And how they're disappointed, when they're
 pleas'd!
 Criticks to Plays for the same End resort,
 That Surgeons wait on Tryals in a Court;

For Innocence condemn'd they've no Respect,
 Provided they've a Body to dissect.
 At *Suffex*, Men that dwell upon the Shoar,
 Look out when Storms arise, and Billows roar,
 Devoutly praying with uplifted Hands,
 That some well-laden Ship may strike the
 Sands;
 To whose rich Cargo they may make Pretence,
 And fatten on the Spoils of Providence:
 So Criticks throng to see a New Play split,
 And thrive and prosper on the Wrecks of Wit.
 Small Hope our Poet from these Prospects
 draws;
 And therefore to the Fair commends his Cause.
 Your tender Hearts to Mercy are inclin'd,
 With whom, he hopes, this Play will Fa-
 your find,
 Which was an Off'ring to the Sex design'd.

F I N I S.